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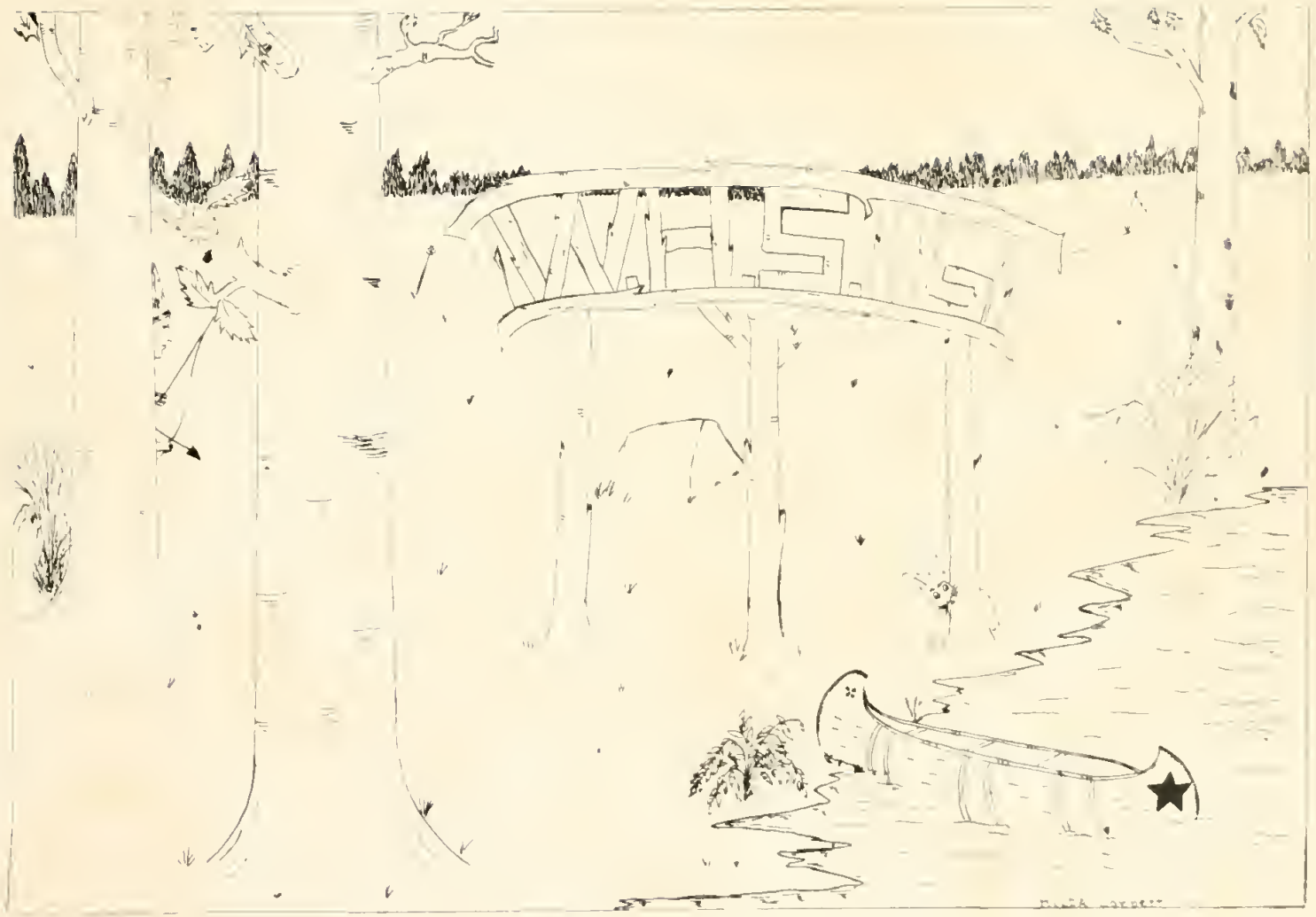


TO THE HOME FOLKS,

We, the class of nineteen hundred and sixteen, grateful for the spirit of love and interest and, perchance, sacrifice, which has upheld and directed us through the past four years,

DEDICATE THIS, OUR YEAR-BOOK.

Library
PO Box 2270
Fort Wayne, IN 46801 2270

Prologue

Ye, who love our dear old High School,
Love the stories from the class-rooms,
Love the joking on the Freshmen,
Love the mightiness of Seniors,
And the Soph'mores and the Juniors,
And the callings from the teachers,
And the yelling from the "rooters,"
Swelling out both loud and clearly
Until its sound becomes a war-cry,
Read these pages of our year-book
Read our writings in the Totem.

Totem Staff

STANDING—Ruth Hendrickson, Faculty Representative; Henry Grabner, Assistant Literary Editor; Lillian Cox, Historian; Howard Hodgen, Athletic Editor; Violet Metz, Social Editor; Charles Smith, Joke Editor; Alpha Hoesel, Art Editor.

SEATED—Marcella Hoover, Calendar Editor; Carl Brucker, Assistant Business Manager; Gill Gordon, Business Manager; Hilda Corbett, Assistant Art Editor; Agnes Bain, Editor-in-Chief.

School Board

A. B. DIGGS

Manager Winona Telephone Company. Has served on the school board for eleven years.

O. H. KELLER

Cashier First National Bank. Has given of his time to the schools for four years.

J. M. KRISS

Retired business man. Has served on the board for six years.

FACULTY

J. M. GEISER
Superintendent

Indiana State Normal
Indiana University
History

H. C. MILHOLLAND
Principal

Indiana State Normal '10
A. B. '14, Indiana University
Mathematics and Science

RUTH HENDRICKSON

Western College 1907-08
A. B. '11, Butler College
English

MARY DUNCAN

A. B. 07, Western College
German and Latin

MABEL BARR

Depauw University Music
School 1915
Teachers' College, Ind'p'lis,
Summers 1911 and '12
Music, Art and Domestic
Science

F. J. CAPOUCH

Indiana State Normal
Purdue
Manual Training and
Agriculture

N
E
S
W

MARCELLA HOOVER

Sally always has an answer for everything. She is our most "conscientiousest" student. It nearly breaks her heart to go to class unprepared. But burning the midnight oil never spoils the roses in her cheeks.

Centennial Story.

HOBART DENNIS

Hobe is our captain and leader in athletics and our professional kicker in all class affairs. His greatest delights are to visit Bart's in the morning, to wash Buch's neck and to sport life-like pictures of his lady friends.

Thesis—The Importance of Choosing a Vocation

HILDA CORBETT

Fraulein is a demur little maiden who has shown up with a lot of artistic ability this year and is mighty fond of Fluge. She is going to be a teacher, she says, then asks how far it is from Star City to Winona.

Thesis—The Future of Good Roads in State and Nation.

ADDIS FRITZ

Mr. Geiser's mainstay in history class, a ladies' man and a factor in athletics make a good combination. He is noted for leaving several girls and absorbing several mince pies in every town he visits.

Thesis—The Submarine.

OTA WEIDNER

The talking-machine of the class. Her material is never exhausted. She has plenty of beaux at the other place. And her greatest desire is to be addressed as Leola.

Centennial Story.

HENRY GRABNER

Heine and his funny noises are the pride of the assembly just as his girls are its jokes. Some day he hopes to get one near enough home who will love him in spite of a short pompadour.

Thesis—Present Situation of the European War

LILLIAN COX

An out-and-out suffragette. She is now planning a trip on foot to Washington to interview the president for the good of the cause. It is quite an honor to have a rising politicianess in the class.

Thesis—Athletics for Women.

GILL GORDON

One who knows and knows that he knows and wants the rest to know it, too. That's our belief about Gill. We don't know what he intends doing, but he'll sure be the manager of something.

Thesis—The Care of Hogs.

ALMA SHAW

Breaking the piano? Oh no! It's Chubby playing "The Lost Chord." She's very fond of music but she likes flowers better; at least one flower, anyway. She says she just loves "one."

Thesis—Five Famous Composers.

CARL BRUCKER

Alias J. Warren Kerrigan is some movie fan. Between movies and books he has little time for recreation. We are patiently awaiting the day when we shall behold his discriminating nose upon the screen.

Thesis—Photo Play.

WILL COX

William Terry Cox is one of the members of our class who usually is conspicuous at social events by his absence. It is rumored he intends to be an auctioneer. He has been practicing it at school.

Thesis—What Our Country Has to Be Proud of.

AGNES BAIN

Abby is rightly ranked among the diligent. She has made plans for charitable work, even going so far as to plan a home for all stray cats. An equally great desire of hers is to be a widow.

Editor-in-chief of Totem.

CLOYD LAVENGOOD

The most startling thing we know about Cloyd is that he once worked a geometry problem. And though you might not suspect it in such a quiet fellow, he likes to drive cows but not to pasture.

Thesis—The Value of Decision.

GLADYS KELSO

Talk? Oh no! Babe is so quiet! Why, really, sometimes she doesn't speak more than sixty times a minute. But once in a while she will talk a little if you mention Sunday night or Nick or such subjects.

Centennial Story.

IRENE KISTLER

Ikey's most precious possessions are a laugh that will set the whole class going and a shoe that is her constant inspiration. When she becomes of age she is going to have a bill passed by the legislature exterminating fat boys.

Thesis—Pageantry.

ALPHA HOESEL

If you ever hear of Mr. Milholland resigning his position as physics teacher, please notify Alpha. He is prepared to teach the class now but will wait a few years if necessary.

Thesis—Development of the Aeroplane.

EFFIE DAY

We fear that one year in Winamac has not given Effie sufficient training. She still insists that the home is the woman's sphere. She is preparing for housekeeping by a course in cooking and already is the proud possessor of a "cot."

Thesis—America, the Apostle of International Justice.

LLOYD WELDY

Everybody is willing to bet his last nickel that Weldy was raised on Mellin's Food. And with such a backing we expect great things from him some day. Even now he can cover quite a lot of territory.

Thesis—The Tractor, or the Evolution of the Iron Horse.

MYRTLE KILANDER

No girl can keep her hair in place as Ki does hers. She is a veritable pattern of neatness. Her interests are varied but just now she is interested in astronomy. She is studying the "moon."

Thesis—Home Economics.

WALTER MITCHELL

James Pennyroyal Launcelot Gobo Walter Bart Kink Mitchell are a few of his names heard about the school yard. The one thing he excels in more than any other is his sweet, angelic smile.

Thesis—Preparedness.

HOWARD HODGEN

Hodgen is an athlete of some note, partaking in basket ball, base ball and track work. He was so popular as a Junior president (especially with the girls) that there would have been many broken hearts without him as Senior president.

Thesis—An Account of the Lusitania.

TONY MOOSE

If Tony is as industrious a farmer as he is a student, the girls will have good reason to complain of his bashfulness. For now he never gives them a glance, not more than a blush.

Thesis—The Gas Engine.

VIOLET METZ

Yes, Vi says she is going to teach for a couple of years. She doesn't say what is coming off after that, but say—have you noticed what an interest she has been taking in cooking?

Thesis—The Evolution of Woman's Work.

CHARLES SMITH

Buch took the prize for charming facial expressions as a baby and he has never lost the accomplishment. It's hard times when you cannot find him joking or laughing or causing the rest of us to do so.

Centennial Story.

Senior Organization

President—Howard Hodgen.
Vice-President—Gill Gordon.
Secretary-Treasurer—Irene Kistler.

Seniors as Freshmen

Seniors as Sophomores

Senior Class History

THE class of 1916 thinks it almost too good to be true to know that their trials and troubles of High School are almost over. Four years ago the Freshmen came into the old assembly and looked around at the pictures and the clock and ornaments and then finally took their seats. Who would have thought then that we would become such a loyal and a "stick-together" class? Miss Frazier, Miss Harker, Mr. Legg, Mr. Olmstead and Mr. Sites were our teachers and very hard did they work to teach us. Before the year was over our number was lessened. Raliegh Zellers, not being able to stand the noise and bustle of Winamac, went back to Ripley. Tony Moose, George and Jesse Werner, and Joseph Felker decided that their father's farms needed them, while Evalyn Degner and Bertha Kroft just quit-uated.

In the fall of 1913 we came back bright and early to meet Mr. Geiser. Mr. Rittenhouse, teaching History II and Geom. III became a familiar person to us. Miss Hendrickson, Miss Frazier, and Miss Harker taught the High School five days of the week and went fishing on Saturdays. As Sophomores, we learned how to fight our own battles, defending our orange and black all night sometimes. Here we gained our "stick-together" spirit, being compelled to hold our own against the remainder of the High School. This year more boys left the class, namely, Jerry Hahn, George Wiesjahn, Ralph Kroft, Earl Vanscoyck and Clarence Stipp.

As Juniors, we were an important part of Winamac High School. Mr. Milholland came to "grace our educational halls," Miss Hendrickson, Miss Frazier, and Mr. Geiser all came back for another year and Miss Rahm was music and art teacher. During this year we presented the Junior Play entitled, "The Pride of Virginia." Near the close of the school year we gave the Junior-Senior Reception, which we thought surpassed all records.

This last fall, a small but mighty class could be seen on the east side of the Assembly. We were called the proud, haughty and tyrannical Seniors and were recognized as having a little stubbornness in us. Effie Day and Tony Moose came to represent Fairview. Mr. Geiser and Mr. Milholland were the recognized leaders. Miss Hendrickson still taught English, while Miss Duncan took Miss Frazier's place. Miss West taught Music and Drawing the first semester. She was obliged to resign however, because of ill health and Miss Barr came to complete the course. A cooking class was started at the first of the year and is a much-wished-for addition to the course.

Only one left the class this year. Ross Wills quit at the end of the first semester and is now attending school at Notre Dame. Three of the twenty-three who will graduate started to school together twelve years ago, Charles Smith, Will Cox and Lillian Cox. Our class has always been represented well in the athletic way.

So now, we'll leave with very best wishes for the future of our dear old "High."

Senior Prophecy

By his lodge deep in the forest,
Stood an old man tall and stately.
There we met old Josaiakeed,
Asked him to disclose our future;
Asked him for the Seniors' future.

"Yes, their future I will show you,"
Spoke the prophet, old in wisdom.
Then he called his son unto him,
Bade him bring the magic powder,
Bade him on the fire to throw it,
Bade us look upon it closely.

From the fire we saw ascending,
Figures strange in looks and actions,
Figures that ascended slowly
As the prophet spoke strange language.

First thing there we saw a bakery,
In a city large and noisy,
Saw the owner, Henry Grabner,
Saw the "Little Bear," the burly,
And 'twas spoken by the prophet,
By his looks, he prospered greatly.

Next we saw a great recital,
Round about were many people;
On their faces rapt attention,
As the music swelled in rapture
At the touch of the musician,
Our Irene, "The Laughing Brooklet;"
Thus the aged prophet called her.

In a green and hilly country,
Herding sheep along the ranges,
Was a shepherd making music,
Playing on a fiddle aged.
Then we saw that Lloyd had proven
That his love for sheep was lasting.
"Big Chief Oak," then said the prophet,
And the vision slowly vanished.

Next a building rose before us,
College-like in all appearance,
But it vanished very quickly
Showing us a room within it.
In an armchair sat a woman,
In her lap a cat reclining,
On one shoulder sat a parrot,
In her hands she held some papers,
Papers written by her pupils;
And we knew that she had learning,
For she taught the college pupils.
Then the prophet turned unto me.
Once again he spake his language
"Agnes Bain, The Whispering Spirit"
Were the words he uttered to me.

"Just bluff your way, kid!" Gladys Kelso.

Then we looked around the country,
Saw the corn fields green and shining,
Saw the land just freshly furrowed,
Saw the plowman and his horses;
'Twas the boy we knew as Elie;
"Farmer Man" then spoke the prophet.

Next we saw a little cottage
Neat and pretty in appearance.
At the door there stood a woman
Whom we recognized as Violet.
"Lily of the Prairie," said he,
And we knew that she had proven
What her words had always told us,
That she did not like the city.
But the figure in the barnyard
Was not one familiar to us.

Then again we saw a city,
Saw the studio of an artist;
Saw our dear old classmate Hilda;
Saw that she had prospered greatly.
There we saw the world's cartoonist.
"Funny woman" said the prohpet.

Then a vision rose before us
Lovely in its every aspect,
And we saw it was our Myrtle
Going in the ways of fashion,
Loved by all the lads and lassies.
"Butterfly" spoke the prophet
But she vanished very qucikly.

Still another rose before us,
Stranger still in all appearance,
'Twas the world's great annual field-meet
And the winner of the honors
Was our classmate "Hobe" the "Sport Chief;"
Thus the aged prophet called him.

On a platform in a city
Stood a rampant suffrage lady,
Stood our dear old classmate, Lillie,
Talking of the rights for women;
And we saw that she was noted
For her fierce and fiery speeches.
"Heap Big Squaw" then said the prophet.

In the world's most famous playhouse,
In the role of Charley Chaplin,
Making all the people happy
Laughing at his funny capers,
There we saw a dark haired laddy
And his acting looked familiar,
Whereupon we bent more closely,
Saw it was our erstwhile classmate,
Ours who's gone but not forgotten;
Ross "The Prince of Sleep" he whispered;
Thus the aged prophet called him.

Then another came before us,
Showing us the Western Ranch land;
On a broncho there, we saw him,
There we saw our classmate William.
"Broncho Buster" said the prophet.

Patronize our advertisers.

In a fine old country mansion
Lived a bachelor girl so pretty,
In the yard we saw some chickens,
Playing 'round the door a kitten,
In the window hung a birdcage,
In the front yard planting flowrets
Was the owner of the mansion;
Looking close we saw 'twas Ota,
"Falling Waters" said the prophet.

In a building high and lofty,
In a little room secluded,
Working in his laboratory
Working out life's newest problems,
Bending o'er with rapt attention,
Stood our friend and classmate Alpha.
"Lightning Chief," the prophet called him.

On the shores of the Atlantic
In a city big and rushing,
There she lived, our pretty Chubby
With a sign, said "Sweets," above her;
"Princess Dark Eyes" said the prophet
And the figure slowly vanished.

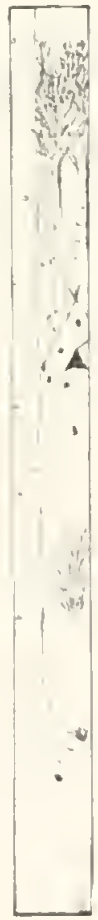
On a street, 'twas in a city,
Stood a figure so familiar,
Strange he was in looks and actions.
On his coat strange things were written—
Shone these words "Salvation Army."
'Twas our classmate Howard Hodgen.
"Pow Wow Brave," the prophet called him.

In the great theatric cirles,
In the role of Lady Portia,
Far and wide among the nations
Spread the fame of Fair Marcella.
Handsomest of all the Maidens
"Sweet Wild Rose" the prophet called her.

In his store behind a counter
In a city large and noisy,
Stood a man we knew as Tony.
Wealth he had to spare in plenty,
But that "even-handed justice,"
So perverse in song and story,
Had denied a sweet companion
To our classmate, to our Tony.
"Fair Haired Chief" then spoke the prophet
As the figure slowly vanished.

All at once we heard a noise,
Saw a great big automobile,
Saw a man all bruised and bleeding,
Saw a doctor come and get him,
Saw that he recovered quickly
By the skill of this great doctor;
Then we saw that it was Walter,
Saw that he had prospered greatly.
" 'Mitch,' The Healer," said the prophet.

Next we peeped into a city.
There we saw the state assembly.
In the speaker's chair sat Addis.
"Teacher's Partner," said the prophet.



In a bright and sunny building
Sat our little Irish Coleen,
Sat our friend and classmate Gladys.
Round about were many children.
On their faces sweet contentment,
For they loved this gentle maiden,
Loved her with the love of childhood,
Loved their kindergarten teacher.
"Breath of Springtime," said the prophet.

Then we saw another vision,
Saw a quaint old country churchyard,
Saw a large procession enter,
Saw the bride and bridegroom coming,
Saw them bound in matrimony;
Something there looked so familiar
That we bent to look more closely
And we recognized our Effie,
Pretty in her bridal costume.
"Weeping Willow" said the prophet.

In a great and busy city,
Manager of a department,
There we saw our old friend "Biffer;"
"Chief of Money" said the prophet.

In a little lonely valley
Twixt two mountains large and lofty,
There we saw a rustic chaplet
Covered o'er with moss and ivy.
Then we saw the people enter,
Saw the pastor in the pulpit;
Looking close we saw 'twas Cloyde,
Member of the class of '16.
"Flowing Tongue" the prophet called him.

Then we saw our own first city,
Saw the great inaugural hall,
In the midst of dear old Glory
Stood our classmate, tall and stately,
Stood our old friend, "Buke" the banker,
From his lips the words were rolling
Pledging that he'd serve his country.
"Sleeping Beauty" said the prophet,
As the figure rose and vanished.

Then they ceased; a sudden darkness
Fell and filled the silent forest.
Then it seemed we heard a rustle
As of spirit passing by us;
Heard the crackling of some branches,
Underneath some stealthy footstep;
Felt the cold breath of the night air.
Then we found that we were standing
Lonely in the gloomy forest;
Saw no more the Indian Prophet,
Saw no more the old chief's magic,
Then we turned our footsteps homeward,
Thoughtful that we knew our future.

—Mabel Galbreath, '17.

"Where's a Bible?" Hobart Dennis.

JUNIOR

Junior Class

UPPER ROW—Orvel Crim, Thomas Jackson, Fred Reinhart, George Dellinger, Fay Miller, Genevieve Felty.
LOWER ROW—Hazel Degner, Lucy Agnew, Nina Aery, Mary Henry.

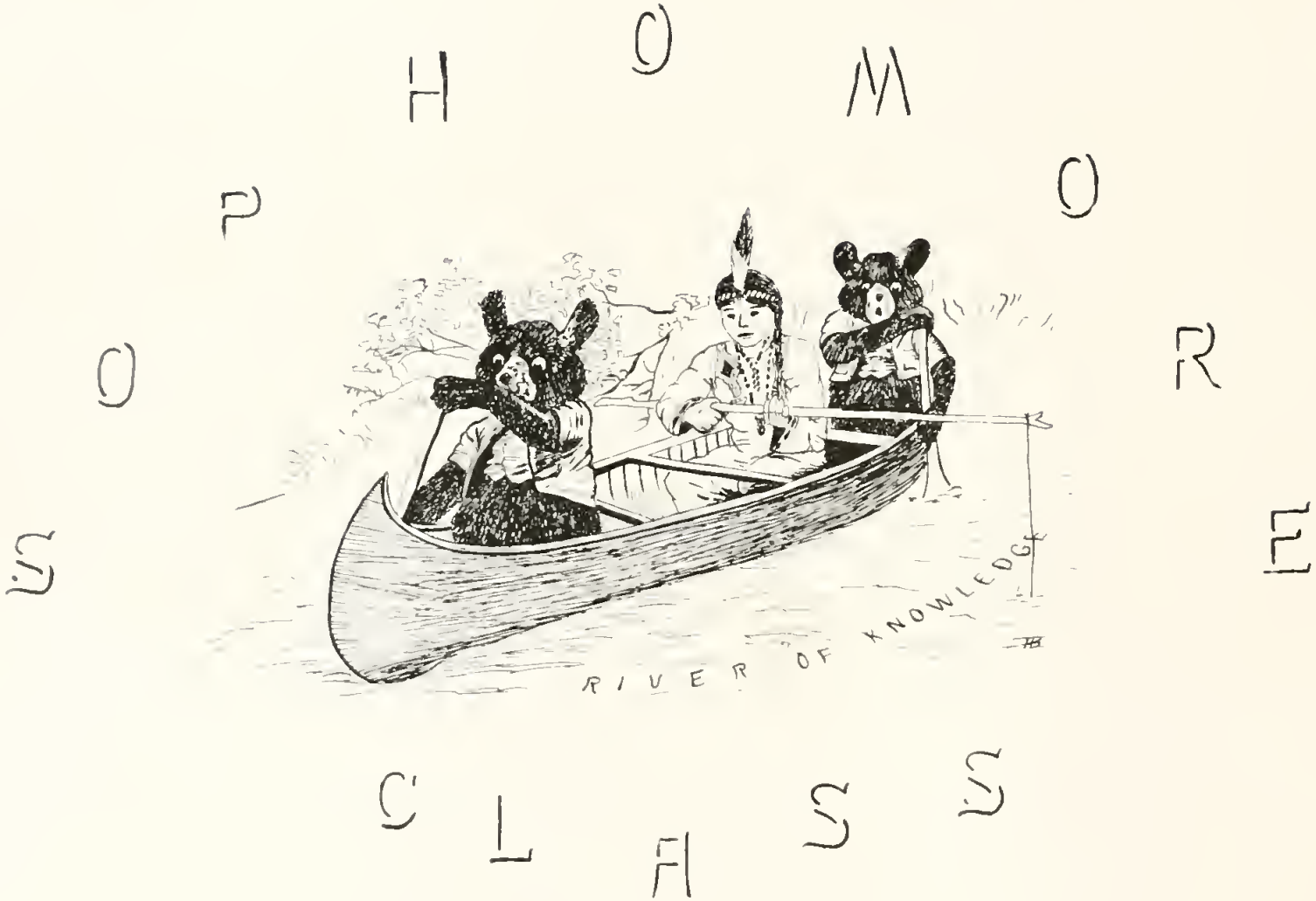
Junior Class

IN '13 we started here on the royal road to knowledge. Though now we've dwindled down to twelve, yet everyone knows that quality makes up for quantity. Yes, here is Tommy our walking, classical dictionary and Freddie who will surely some day be a great lawyer; here likewise is Lulu whose chief enjoyment is brooding o'er Sir Raleigh's method of book-keeping so that she might be able to become a head cashier, and Lucy who knows more about Longfellow and all those other great "fellers" than all the rest of us put together.

The rest of our class, although they may never come up to the high standard of the above mentioned, hope to gain some renown in our big life's career.

In the old high school building we started, under the guiding influence of Mr. Geiser, Mr. Rittenhouse, Mr. Capouch, and Misses Hendrickson, Frazier and Harker. We managed to escape the confining walls of Freshmanhood and under the same faculty with the exceptions of Harker and Rittenhouse, who were substituted by Mr. Milholland and Miss Rahm, we succeeded in gaining the lofty title of Juniors. Since we became Juniors we have met with a new Latin teacher, Miss Duncan.

We hope all to return in our ship, flying a victorious flag one more year as brilliant Seniors.


HOMOROSE
CLASS
RIVER OF KNOWLEDGE

Sophomore Class

BACK ROW—Rosa Goodpaster, Cyril Fites, Mary Smith, Gladys Galbreath, Earl Lucas, Lucy Grafton, John Diggs, Delia Baugh, Bennie Barr.

MIDDLE ROW—George Bigler, Evaleen Riedelbach, Ruby Starr, Marie Bond, Mades a Metz, William Werner, Olive Irven, Leona Munchenburg, Hazel Holmes, Eva Shue.

BOTTOM ROW—Robert Reinhart, Olga Podell, Elizabeth Weaver, Iva Conn, Harry Hoffman, Anna Hepp, Rachel McKinnis, Myrtle Nolan.

S is for Sophomore the class of eighteen,
O for our colors, the yellow and green,
P is the parties, which surely are great,
H is the hour which people call late,
O means that onward the Soph'mores do strive,
M is the good marks we hope to receive
O is the order which teachers have set,
R is the rest which we so seldom get,
E is the end of which all of us dream,
'Twill come in one thousand, nine hundred, eighteen.

Cyril Fites '18

FRESH HEN

Freshmen Class

TOP ROW—Ruth Hoffman, Alice Shoukwiler, Bernice Porter, Ruth Lytle, Bernice Files, Eleanor Baugh, Kathryn Metz, Marguerite Wills, Pearl Lowry, Gladys Fritz, Hazel Conn.

MIDDLE ROW—Velma Long, Grace Brinker, Lucile Hendry, Thelma Hackett, Ethel Fisher, Paul Morrison, Edward Hill, Edwin Munchenburg, Ethel Hoesel.

BOTTOM ROW—Mary Shaw, Carl Macy, Frank Spangler, Kenneth Files, Charles Ryan, Vine Dilts, Edward Ewing, Stella Meek.

Freshman History.

LAST September, a large class of "Freshies" was admitted into the W. H. S.

At first there were thirty-eight names on the Freshman class roll, but this number has decreased from time to time, until now, only thirty remain. The causes for this decrease were various, but we hope that instead of decreasing, we may increase in size by the time we are Seniors.

Soon after we entered High School, as the "poor, green Freshies," we were initiated, and taught how to act in the Assembly, by the upperclassmen. They seem to think that we profited by it, but some of us have our doubts about it when we see our deportment grades.

At our first class meeting, the teachers presided, and made some speeches. They all said that the "Freshies" were always their favorites.

Many are the good times we have had this year, inside and outside of school. We always have a good time at our parties, even if we do usually pay the "freshie" game of "wink," so scorned by the upperclassmen.

The one great sorrow of our Freshman year, was the death of our beloved friend and classmate, Stella Meeks.

The faculty this year was certainly "great." It was as follows:—Mr. Geiser, Superintendent, Mr. Milholland taught us Algebra, Mr. Capouch, Agriculture, Miss Hendrickson, English, and Miss West, Music and Drawing until ill-health compelled her to leave, and her place was filled by Miss Barr. All the teachers have been very kind to us, and we surely are grateful to them.

We hope that in 1919 we may all graduate from the W. H. S. with the best records yet. When you see the Senior class of that year, just remember that we were the scorned "poor, little Freshies" of 1915-16.

In memory of

STELLA MEEK

a member of the Freshman Class

of 1916, who died April 8, 1916.

Her's was one of those sweet, quiet natures which enter in and form a part of our life without perception. But all the more do we miss her from the accustomed place. We feel something has gone out of our lives that can never be replaced.

LITERARY

Legends of Chief Winamac.

THE Potawatami tribe of whom Chief Winamac was chief, had their village just below the place where the river bridge now is, on the opposite side of the river from where the town of Winamac now stands.

Chief Winamac was married to a white woman who had been stolen from her home when a baby and adopted by the tribe. The old chief had a very beautiful daughter, Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta, who was the pride of the Indian village and who was loved by many of the young braves. But Mi-neek-sunt-ta had given her love to P'tank-seet-tough and to the rest paid no attention whatever.

The old chief worshipped his daughter and often took her on hunting or exploring trips in the surrounding country. So, when some of the young men, who had been exploring, discovered a lake several miles west of their village and reported it to their chief, he prepared at once to start for the place.

Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta wanted to go with him, and, as he complied with her every wish, they started on their trip. They were several days on the road, traveling through a trackless forest with nothing to guide them except their Indian intuition. At night, it was an easy matter to put up their wigwams and make a camp. As soon as the sun rose the next morning, they packed their wigwams and went on their way. It was the delight of Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta to help furnish the food. She would take her bow and arrow and would often leave the others in an effort to capture a deer or other wild animal. Even though she did get behind the rest it didn't take her long to catch up. The white pony which she rode, was the fastest owned by the tribe and was the pride of her heart.

Having arrived at the lake, they immediately named it Cedar Lake, because of the dense growth of cedar trees around it. A little way off one could not see the lake at all, but after breaking their way through the cedar forest, one would be surprised to find a lake, lying there peacefully in the heart of the forest.

Having spent several days exploring and hunting and fishing, they started back to their village. When they were about half-way between the two places, Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta decided to mark the place so people passing by there afterwards would know they had been there. Therefore she called several of the braves to her and pointed out a tall white pine tree. "Strip it of its branches and bark and leave it standing like a great white post," she ordered, "and this country shall always be known as White Post." Everything was carried out as she desired and they continued on their homeward journey.

It was a habit of Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta and her father to

"Hee! Hee! Hee!"—Robert Reinhart.

float down the river in the evening. As she guided the canoe the old chief would sit in the bow and play on an odd old violin. No one of the tribe dared touch this instrument for there were many ghostly stories as to where the chief had obtained it. There was the head of an Indian chief embellished on the back and certain numbers under it, which none of the tribe could read. This was enough to keep all others away from it, even if there had been no stories about it. But the only ones who knew the real story about it were the old chieftian and his daughter and they kept it to themselves.

One afternoon, when returning from a hunt of several miles up river, the old chief's canoe, which was guided by Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta, grazed a rock, which was covered by water and tipped to its side. The old chief laughingly said to his braves "River tippi-canoe" and the Potawatamies adopted that name for their river.

The favorite spot of Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta was the first island down river. The island was thickly wooded and just below a bend in the river. It was a very pretty place with vines growing among its trees for Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta took a certain pride in the island and trained the wild vines up off the ground onto the trees in such a fashion that a passer-by could not see very far onto the island.

At this place she spent many happy afternoons alone and away from everyone. All the tribe knew this and therefore held the place sacred. However, one afternoon Ki-mit-ta-sha-wa, an objectionable lover, followed her there and threatened her if she would not promise to marry him. When she scorned him and told him she loved P'tank-seet-tough, he became angry, and in a fit of passion threw his tomahawk and killed her. Frightened by his deed, but trusting he had been unobserved, he hastened on down the river so he would not be suspected.

But P'tank-eet-tough saw him hastening from the island, and, mistrusting him, hurried to the place and saw what had happenend. He quickly spread the terrible news, then he challenged Ki-mit-te-sha-wa to fight with him. In the battle both were killed.

Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta was buried on the island and long years afterward, anyone passing the island at midnight could see a light and hear the chant of the wierd dying song.

The two Indian braves were buried together in the woods some place north of the present town. Not many years ago a farmer dug into an Indian mound and found two Indian skeletons, supposed to be those of the unfortunate lovers of Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta.

The old chief's health rapidly declined after the death of his daughter, and, although he still led his braves to battle and in the hunt, all the joy had gone out of his life.

The island had been named Ghost Island by the tribe because Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta's spirit returned to it. Often at twilight, not fearing the ghost, the old chief would take his violin and float down the river by himself.

"O, shut up; don't I know more than you?"—C. Brucker.

Soon strange, uncanny music could be heard coming from the place where Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta had been buried. It was a tradition for many years afterwards that often at twilight the wierd music of the old violin could be heard by those who happened to be floating on the waters of the Tippecanoe.

One morning the old chief was found in his last sleep, lying beside her grave. He had a smile on his face and had his violin clasped in his arms. The spirit of old Chief Winamac had gone to the happy hunting grounds to stay with his darling Mi-neek-e-sunt-ta.

—As told by one of Winamac's oldest citizens, and written by Gladys Kelso, '16.

IT was in the beginning of the year 1811 that Chief Winamac began to lose his friendly attitude toward the whites. This was due to the continual encroachments of the whites upon his territory and hunting grounds. As time went on, his hatred grew and after each Indian victory, when his braves brought home the gory scalp as the trophies of their battle, he would smile grimly and vaguely think of the time when the whites would exist no more.

The Potawatami Indians of which Winamac was chief was a powerful tribe, nearly in fact to the famous Shawnees. There never was a prouder chief than Winamac. Whenever he looked down from some high eminence and saw the women and children at work, either tilling the soil or grinding the grain into meal, his heart surged with pride. His shoulders, always straight, seemed to straighten more, and his grim Indian face with its cheeks painted with a design that spoke no good for any straying whites, seemed to set more firmly. He had eyes of coal black that snapped in the light and his face, which was framed with coarse, black hair, gaily decked with feathers, glowed with mingled hate and pride.

In the early spring of the following year matters reached a climax. Three of Winamac's braves brought in two young trappers whom they had captured. Chief Winamac immediately called together a council of old men to decide what to do with the prisoners. Some wanted to burn them; others wanted them to run the gauntlet and still others wanted to bury them alive. No decision could be made, so the meeting adjourned until sunrise the next morning. The warriors filed out of the wigwam in which the council had been held and scattered to their respective homes, some making a detour to kick and beat cruelly the prisoners who were securely tied to oak trees. A crowd of women and children stood by looking on.

When this unhuman treatment began, a young Indian woman, very beautiful, silently and without notice turned and walked to the wigwam. The younger trader, struck by the woman's beauty had watched her intently and wondered at the time at her conduct, so differ-

ent from the other women of the tribe who apparently enjoyed the distress and discomfiture of the white men.

When it grew dusk, the Indians tied the prisoners still more securely and, leaving a guard to watch them, they ate their evening meal and rolled themselves up from head to toe in their blankets to spend the night. The fires flickered fitfully and one by one went out. An occasional snort and tramping betrayed the fact that the horses were still trying to glean the remains of their supper. One, over zealous, would compel the timid to stand aside while it consumed the choice morsels. As often as an attempt to recover the prized bits was made the impact of two strong rear hoofs might be heard upon whatever was closest to them. The wierd call of night birds betokened a sense of restlessness which is often the harbinger of storm. All else was sound asleep. That is, all except one person, the beautiful Indian woman. When all had grown quiet she stealthily crept out into the night. The moon was just rising amid a veil of misty clouds and its light glittered on a shining dagger. Inch by inch, she moved. Indeed, so cautiously did she tread that she seemed to be scarcely moving at all. At last she stood directly behind the place where the guard lay, half asleep. The wind sighed softly in the tree-tops, then another gust came sailing through the forest, bringing snow flakes with it. The maiden hesitated, looked around her, then upwards. Again she began to creep, cat-like toward the dozing Indian. This time her purpose never lagged, but she raised high the dagger and plunged it deep into the Indian's heart with a sickening unksh!

Never flinching, she drew out the bloody dagger and boldly walked to where the prisoners were tied. They were alarmed at first but in a second they found that their fears were ungrounded, for in a hoarse whisper she said to the younger trapper, "Like white man heap good. Cut loose," and with a few quick strokes she set them free. Then with hasty words of caution to the men, she carefully led them to where the horses were picketed and selected the swiftest ones the chief possessed.

They were just ready to ride away and the younger trapper turned to thank the maiden for what she had done for them. She stood with downcast face, slightly turned away. All the frenzied impulse of the murder had died away and as he looked upon her, thinking that he had never seen a creature half so beautiful, a burning desire seized him to carry her away and make her his own bride. So with one mighty sweep, he caught her and landed her upon the horse in front of him. She did not protest and the snow soon covered the tracks made by the feet of the galloping horses.

The next morning Chief Winamac was wroth indeed when not only his prisoners but also his beautiful and most loved daughter, "The Red Bird," was gone. He sent his warriors far and wide. He himself was unable to go because he was violent with anger. Gradually, as time lengthened into days, and weeks and finally

months, his rage softened into sorrow, and he would sit brooding by the rippling waters of the Tippecanoe for hours at a stretch. His people explained his actions by saying that he was listening to his daughter singing in the waters. Thus the once proud chief spent the remainder of his years, watching and hoping in vain for one who did not return.

—Marcella Hoover, '16.

To the First Dandelion.

Thou harbinger of all the summer's toil,
When first thy towsled head peeps from the soil,
My soul within me rises up in rage;
Ah, might I blot thee from all Nature's page!
Harsh pictures come before my mental eye;
The dark green lawn of summer I descry,
The flower garden there with blossoms sweet,
Full in the glare of blazing sun and heat;
And thou, O robber, yes, I see thee too,
In every corner shines thy jealous hue,
Depriving them of light and life and food,
To grow grey hairs in thy autumnal hood.
Thou rankest weed, thou everlasting pest!
With thee departed, life indeed were blest!
No more head-aches, no sunburn, freckles, tan,
And thousand woes dug up with thee by man.

—Agnes Bain, '16.

Totem "Poetry."

This is to show you I'm no fool poet.
Wish I could let the danged poem go'it.
The teacher told us we'd have to write one.
'Spect she thought 'twould be lots of fun.
I'm here to tell you right here an' now,
I'd lots rather plant a field er plow.
Here I'm settin', wastin' lots of time
Fixin' the words so's to make 'm rhyme.
Diggin' potatoes ain't half as bad,
Nor huskin' corn so hard on a lad,
As combinin' a lot of flowery words
'Bout the flowers and trees and singin' birds,
But if these lines get in the Totem
Won't I be glad to think I wrote 'em?

—Thomas Jackson, '17.

"Haven't opened a book."—Olive Irven.

A First Romance.

IN a certain part of Bucktown, the name commonly given to the colored settlement of the city, there is an alley known as Bluebird Alley. Why, I do not know. Perhaps some imaginative coon named it that from the blue paint on the corner drug store. For certainly no self-respecting bluebird would ever have been caught dead in Bucktown. On Bluebird Alley, however, tucked in between two larger buildings was an old ramshackle house, where a particular little fellow lived, who, at the court house was registered as Maximilian Belvedere Jack Johnson Jones. Among his playmates this monstrosity was abbreviated to Max.

Now there was really nothing especially distinctive about Max, unless, perhaps, it was his unusual amount of trouble, for he had known it all his life. Indeed, as his daddy often remarked, "Trouble done seem to be dat chile's middle name." And, in fact, it had started with his name but did not end there. For when this little darky first arrived on the scene, his mother introduced him to his proud father as Maximilian Belvedere. But her husband had other plans for the naming of his son and heir, for he was very enthusiastic just then about Jack Johnson. He objected so vigorously to Maximilian Belvedere that his wife was compelled to take him in hand, or rather in the head, with the result that both landed in the police court. The judge could settle it no other way, so he finally brought about a compromise and bestowed both names upon the defenseless child. Whether it was caused by the burden of such a name or whether he was just born under an unlucky star, it is uncertain, but, at any rate, from that day forward, Max's life was a series of mishaps. And now not the least of his troubles was Ahasuems Clematus Dide, otherwise known as Hazzy Dide.

Being unacquainted with Cupid and his mischief-making darts, Max considered Hazzy the entire cause of the painful affair. For didn't Hazzy, just when Max had singled out Arabella Marie to be the object of his attentions, go right straight and pick her out for himself? And was there ever a nigger on the face of this earth with more impudence than that? Of course when it came right down to picking out a girl there wasn't any choice. Max admitted that. For Arabella Marie wore pink skirts that stuck out farther than anybody else's and she had ten little black braids with pink ribbons on every one of them and none of the other girls had more than six. But just the same Hazzy had no business making eyes at any girl that Max had picked out, and if he didn't stop it there was going to be trouble.

The rivalry went on for same time without any open show of hostility. If Max brought her a rabbit foot

"Giv' me sum smokin'" Elmer Long.

to wear for good luck Hazzy took her a ride in his goat-cart; if Hazzy loaned her his gum to chew, Max offered her his horseshoe-nail ring to wear over night; if Max gave her half a stick of candy Hazzy brought her a piece of his mother's clothesline for a jumping rope. So day after day these loyal knights laid siege to the heart of their lady-love with all the wiles Cupid and lovers know of. Day after day they came laden with their offerings to tempt the smiles of Arabella Marie. But the beautiful Arabella Marie was wise after the way of women and if her little heart was fluttered by these ardent demonstrations of admiration, she gave no sign, but showered her toothy smiles alike on each.

But, as all things come to an end, so must love trials. In this case the crisis was finally precipitated by a master-stroke on the part of Max. His father, in celebrating an unexpected raise of wages, had presented him with a nickel, the first whole nickel he had ever possessed. Did you ever know what a wonderful thing it is to be the possessor of a whole nickel? Max felt like Rockefeller and Carnegie all rolled in one as he left the house with the coin securely confined beneath his tongue. Just then he saw ahead of him Arabella Marie's pink bows seeming to form a perky question mark that struck a note of such sudden feeling around his heart, that he gulped and nearly swallowed the nickel. Taking it out carefully and putting it in his ear for safe-keeping, he thoughtfully considered his newest idea. Should he give the nickel to Arabella Marie? What a blow that would be to Hazzy! Across the way he spied Hazzy hurrying to catch up with her. All doubt fled. In a moment he was pressing his gift firmly into the hand of the astonished Arabella Marie with a gruff, "Heah's sumthin' foah yo'," then turned and fled.

For a moment Arabella Marie had such difficulty in keeping her eyes from popping out of her head at the sight of such munificence, that she entirely lost her power of speech. But when she did recover that important organ she made use of it to such an extent that inside of half an hour, all the children in the neighborhood were gathered discussing it.

Max walked proudly down the street with head up, shoulders back, and chest puffed out like a toy balloon. But alas! It was thus that Napoleon marched to Waterloo. Hazzy was standing by himself leaning against a tree, and as Max passed, he gave a contemptible snort from the very depths of his bruised heart. Max stopped and eyed him pompously.

"What foah yo' make dat noise, niggah?"

For answer Hazzy only snorted again still more loudly that at first. Max spoke once more.

"Say, air yo' tu'nin' inter an' engine? Cain't yo' talk eny mo', yo' cod-livahed coon? Cain't yo' do nuthin' but snork? I 'clah, yo' am a puhty lookin' howdy-do, ain't yo? Ho! Ho!"

And overcome with amusement and exhiliration, he bent himself double. But this was too much. Hazzy,

"Seen Paul?"—Clara Kroft.

with a lunge, had him down. Then they went to it with a hearty good will. In a moment a little crowd had gathered and foremost was Arabella Marie, watching her knights do battle for the heart of their lady-love. Up and down they rolled and tumbled, first one on top and then the other. Then just when Max seemed to be getting the worst of it and Arabella Marie had nearly decided a good scrapper was better than a nickel anyway, there came a sudden cry of "Cop!"

Max's unlucky star seemed once more to be in the ascendency. For Hazzy was on top and after a final punch made his get-away with the rest of the children, while Max had no sooner gained his feet than he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and he was shaken until his teeth rattled.

"What do you mean by this? Haven't I warned you kids around here time and again to stop your fighting or I would report you? I've put up with it long enough and I'm tired of it. What's your name?"

"Maximilian Belvedere Jack Johnson Jones," came the uncomfortable, wriggling answer.

"Who were you fighting with?"

"Hazzy."

"Has he what?"

"Hazzy Dide."

"Has who died?"

"Dat yaller-gizzahed, pig-nosed, green-eyed, snorkin' niggah!"

Another shake more vigorous than the first.

"What do I know about any coons dying? Are you going to answer me or not? Be quick about it, too. I won't put up with this tomfoolery. Who was it?"

"Ah telled yo'," was the sullen reply.

"Like fun you did!" The young officer's anger was cooling fast. "I've a good notion to take you right to the station, you young rascal! And if ever I catch you or any of the rest of them stirring up a rumpus again, you'll go there quicker than shooting. D'y'understand? I'm going now and see your parents and try what they can do in the way of management."

With a final shake he was off, leaving poor Max to melancholy visions of a renewed acquaintance with the razor-strop. He looked about but all his playmates had scattered and he was forsaken. As he was in no hurry to go home, he turned and walked slowly towards the blue drug store. As he drew near a familiar voice followed by a still more familiar laugh came to his ears and caused him to press his face closely to the screen to look in. There sat the scoundrel Ahasuems Clematus Dide and the unfaithful Arabella Marie, sipping a soda bought with his nickel! Was there ever fate more cruel? For an instant his fists clenched and he started to open the door. Then he paused for a moment, slowly turned, and, unseen by those within, slipped away, a sadder and wiser Max.

—Agnes Bain, '16.

"Try something new; that's so silly."—Miss Duncan.

The Wishing Method.

IF we would only do and not wish quite so much, I am certain life would be more like the desired bed of roses and less like the hated thorns. Wishing, as applied to the minor details of life or to the highest, can do little harm and then again can do much.

The other day a woman, about middle age, was occupying the seat in front of me in the interurban car. Another woman of about the same age came in at one of the small towns along the way, taking the other half of the seat. Judging by the delighted greetings, they were old friends who seldom met. As I was alone, and their conversation was carried on in very clear tones, I could not help overhearing it. The last arrival asked, looking curiously at her companion by the window, "Have you been sick? I never saw you look so pale."

"No, I haven't been sick," was the reply, "but It's just the worry over the children—"

"Why, they are all married and doing well," her friend interrupted; "why do you worry over them?"

"I didn't mean my own children, I forgot that you didn't know where I live now. After the children were married and gone, I sold the big house and rented half of a new double house that's been built since you moved away. It's a splendid place and I could be so comfortable if it wasn't for the children in the other part. They nearly drive me crazy. Their mother is raising them by the plan of 'wishing' they would do things instead of 'making' them do. She says it won't do to give commands and that a child ought to be allowed to develop according to his own desire and will. She has lots of books on the subject of rearing children and reads and reads. The other day she had a new book on the subject and was just buried in it. I heard china jingling, and I peeped in at her dining room door. There was Sarah Bell dancing on the top of the sideboard. I just shut the door and let her dance, for it wasn't any of my business. At the same time, Charles Leroy was out in the kitchen with a silver spoon and the best china cup, making a paste by dipping ashes from the stove and mixing them with water. He spread this mixture, in various designs, on the floor and on the work-table, and I must say that kitchen was a sight."

"What did she do with them?" was the horrified question.

"Nothing," was the reply in a disgusted tone. "By the time she was through exclaiming 'Why, Sarah Bell and Charles Leroy!' they were upstairs planning up some more mischief."

"Do they ever come into your side of the house?" asked her friend, sympathetically.

"Do they? Well, I should smile! When I have callers they come in and do the entertaining until I'm so

"For John's sake!" Elizabeth Weaver.

mortified I can't enjoy company at all. I told her about it one day, and she called them and said, 'Children, I do **wish** you wouldn't go into auntie's rooms when she has company.' But they came just the same. I was away the other day and when I came home all my lily bulbs, almost ready to bloom were pulled out of the water and were being dried over the register. I told their mother and she said it was just like her children, always trying experiments. She imagined they thought the flowers would bloom quicker if warmed up. She seemed to think it showed wonderful reasoning power. Maybe it did, but the lilies never bloomed. The other night I went up to the bathroom (the hall and the stairway and the bathroom are in partnership) and I didn't turn on the hall light before I started. I stumbled and fell over something in the upper hall, and, do you know? Those little rascals had carried a lot of their best books from the book case and piled them up there. Their mother had been to a mother's meeting and didn't get in until after dark. She asked them to tell mamma why they had worked so hard, carrying the heavy books upstairs. She then told me that the little dears had been playing with the water in the bathroom and imagined there was a big flood coming to wash the house away, so they had built a dam across the bath room door. Perhaps it was quite as cunning as their mother seemed to think, but the wrench it gave my back is not well yet. This morning when I was all ready to start, I couldn't find my jacket and hat. I was sure I had brought them down stairs, but to make sure I looked everywhere. Just as I was growing desperate over missing the car, I saw Sarah Bell way down the street, wearing them. I'm afraid I wasn't very gentle about taking them off, for I heard the car whistling and she fought like a little tiger—and—"

But the interurban had stopped at my station and I had to leave wondering if that poor soul would ever find a place where she could get the much needed rest. I don't know the name of the family who used the "wishing" method and I don't know what town that double house is in; but if I should ever be forced to take half a house, I'd inquire if the folks in the other half had two children and if their names were Sarah Bell and Charles Leroy.

—Fay Miller, '17.

Who Are They?

Of all the art and learning fair,
And masters of the deeds of yore,
We have as master of our school,
And wielder of the birch and rule
A man of greatest range in thought,
And who for many years has taught
And ruled his school with greatest care.
Now, who is he?

Another man, I'm glad to say,
Lays down the laws for every day;
He knows Geometry by heart,
Of other books a greater part;
He leads the boys in basket-ball
To give some neighboring town a call.
I'll ask of you, if such I may,
Now, who is he?

This man was once a farmer lad
And of this fact he should be glad.
His knowledge and experience much
Helps him to keep the boys in touch
With agriculture and the farm;
As manual training has it's charm
He teaches this to urchins bad.
Now, who is he?

A pretty maid with dark brown eyes,
In English and in Rhetoric wise;
She wants to know and catch the boys
Who in the assembly make such noise,
She asks us to write stories long,
And verses of poetic song,
And recipes for favorite pies,
Now, who is she?

Complexion dark and hair as black,
In foreign tongues she does not lack;
She's whipped the Germans fair and square
And given old Caesar his just share.
She never scolds except for noise;
She says the girls will beat the boys;
And we should always say attack.
Now, who is she?

Our music teacher quit one day
And left our town without delay,
And then there came a maiden fair,
With bright blue eyes and golden hair.
Then everything was all right soon,
And the whole school was back in tune,
And traveling the harmonious way.
Now, who is she?

—William Werner, '18.

"I knew, but I just forgot."—Ruby Starr.

Do You Remember?

SAY, Jim, don't it make you sick to hear the old folks talk about the people they used to know? The other day my uncle Frank Hickman came up to our house with Aunt Lizzie and of all the chatter you ever heard! It was much worse than the night those two tom-cats met on our wood shed. I had just come in from school and was in a hurry to get a theme. I had forgotten about it until I heard the fellows talking about it on the way home from school and I knew mine was due the first period after dinner."

"Don't know as I ever heard much of that talk. What is it like?"

"Well, you see Uncle Frank lives down there in the country by Millville. That's a little town down the river. It is pretty well out in the grubs. Used to be quite a mill there, but it burned down and the ice took the dam out, so all there is left is an old store and a post office, both of which are in the same building. Good country around there, though."

"Yes, I understand all this but what was it all about, that talk that was so terrible?"

"Oh, it wasn't so terrible, but it got on my nerves." First Dad said, 'Is Abe Lampson still around there? He was a great fellew. Used to know him back in Ohio. He came here the next spring after we did.' About that time Aunt Lizzie would chime in, 'Wasn't he the one that married Sam Watson's oldest girl? Le' me see, what was her name? I know it just as well as I know my own. What was it, Frank? Amy, yes, Amy, that is what it was. He married her and they done well, too. Old man Watson let him have that hundred and sixty just east of him, where old Linckenburg used to live and he done well there. Finally bought it of the old man for seventy-five dollars an acre. Dirt cheap too for that place, but he made it what it was.'

"Then Mamma and Aunt Lizzie would start, 'How did your chickens come out, Lizzie?'

" 'Oh, they did just fine. Had two old hens that had seventeen chickens apiece. Two big Plymouth Rock hens they were and certainly good mothers, too. They would—'

" 'Say, Lizzie,' said Uncle Frank, 'Who was that young fellow that moved on the old Kepner place, the one that lost his boy last spring?'

" 'Ed Downey?'

" 'Oh, yes, Ed Downey, that was his name.' And Uncle Frank continued to spin off his yarn, while Aunt Lizzie went into detail concerning the good qualities of those two old hens. And that is the way it went. Uncle Frank told about selling all his hogs but three, and how old Bess, that was one of the horses, cut herself on the fence. Mixed in with this was the life history of all the

people in that community. Once Dad asked about some fellow and I guess Aunt Lizzie didn't think much of him, for she drew her face up till it looked like a pretzel with cramps.

"I could have learned who everyone married and where they moved to, and all about them, but I couldn't stand it so I ate dinner in a hurry and then got away as quick as I could, which was none too soon. Just as I went out I heard someone say, 'She was widow Marvin's girl and—' Well, by that time, I was out and going some."

—Paul Wasser, '18.

A Thrilling Experience.

THE professor had delivered a lecture in a strange town and, with the results of his labor in his left hip pocket, he retired to his room, where he put the wallet under the pillow.

No sound was heard. All was as still as the bosom of a fried chicken after the spirit has departed. He needed sleep but the fear of being robbed kept him awake. He recalled how the desire for wealth had often led even the mildest man to take a short cut to wealth by committing murder. The professor shuddered.

However, he soon dropped to sleep. He probably did not know what caused him to wake. Some slight sound or other, no doubt He opened his eyes wildly. He probably could not have opened them any wider without their falling out.

He heard a slight movement in the corner and the low regular breathing of a human being. Each time it came it sounded like a sigh of relief but it did not relieve the professor. Probably it was not done for that purpose.

Regularly it rose and fell like the rise and fall of the water on the summer sea, and the professor's scant hair rose and fell with it.

He thought at first it might be the snoring of some lowbrow in a distant room. But no. That was hardly likely. Cupidity had driven some cruel brute to enter his apartments and crouch there until the proper moment should arrive and then spring upon him, throttle him and rob him of his hard earned wealth.

Regularly still rose the soft breathing as though the robber might be trying to suppress it. The professor reached gently under his pillow and securing the money and his revolver he shot into the corner whence came the sound.

When the echoes had died away there rose from the

corner a sigh of relief. Also another sigh later on. The professor decided to light the gas and fight it out. You have no doubt seen a man light a match on the leg of his pantaloons. Perhaps you have also seen an absent minded man attempt to do so, forgetting that said garment hung on the back of a chair at the other end of the room.

However, he lighted the gas with his left hand, keeping the reolver pointed towards the dark corner where the breathing was still going on.

Hearing the shot the people of the hotel rushed in, hoping no doubt that the professor had committed suicide. But instead of this they found that the professor had shot the valve off the steam radiator.

—Vera Long, '19.

Deborah

BEHIND every song there lies a singer, and behind one of the oldest, noblest lyrics in the world, the 'Song of Deborah,' must be a woman worthy of our acquaintance and study. She lived in a free, wild primitive age. And we will study her figure against this background."

Israel was without a king, without any real leader, and the different tribes were scattered and separated. Civilization was in the earliest stages. The weapons were rude, and they had few implements to work with, and were always in constant fear of foreign foes and this often made travel impossible.

As there was no central government, there arose a succession of dictators who were called "Judges." They raised armies of volunteers and aroused Israel to a brief resistance against tyranny. Such was Samson, whose physical energy accomplished no permanent good. But in Deborah's day there was not even a Samson to lead the army. The Canaanites oppressed Israel cruelly. Then at this time arose Deborah, who had power not only to sing but also to act. She could not only write Israel's "Marsellaise," but she could lead the armies that her songs inspired.

For a time she sat "under the palm tree" and judged the people. Thus she learned their poverty and despair. She saw their homes vanishing, children carried captive and faith in God dying out. So she was determined to act. She selected Barak as her leader. She commanded him to raise an army of 10,000 men and strike a sudden blow. He wanted her to go with him, so she consented. Messengers were sent out and a little later 10,000 men were assembled under Barak and Deborah.

Deborah's army drew up on the slope of Mt. Tabor, and across the plain they could see the famous nine

"Do-mi-sol-etc."—Miss Barr.

hundred chariots of the enemy driving to position. It was a terrifying sight for her soldiers had only the rudest weapons.

Barak hesitated and did not wish to advance. But Deborah cried "Up, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive!" "Up! for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hands." The 10,000 Israelites under their woman leader rushed down the slope of Tabor. The Canaanites came on with their chariots, and the two nations met in battle.

Suddenly a storm broke and the plain became a mass of mud in which the chariots were entangled. The Israelites, seeing their God in the storm fought with marvelous courage, while despair settled over the Canaanites. The Canaanites fled and one of the greatest victories of the world was won by Deborah.

There is no finer poetry than that in which she sang the event.

"The rulers ceased in Israel, they ceased,
Until that Deborah arose,
That I arose a mother in Israel."

It seems we can hear the storm breaking in,

"They fought from heaven
The stars in their courage fought against Sisera."

Then after all this is not a victory of Deborah but of Jehovah.

"So let thine enemies perish, O Lord,
But let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

No character in the Old Testament stands out in bolder relief than Deborah, woman, minstrel, and soldier.

Her song has proved immortal because her deed was heroic and sublime.

"Deborah's lyric was the finest fruit of a heroic life." Such a song taught the people that faith is mightier than the chariots. Israel had at first believed that they should rely on brute force and that God was on the side of the strongest. "Deborah's victory taught the people that the chief requisite is the spirit of faith in a living God." It was the faith of one woman, compared to the grain of mustard seed moving the mountain.

—Myrtle Kilander, '16.

"At the Agricultural station at Purdue."—Mr. Capouch.

Simon Peter

OF all the New Testament characters, there are none that stand out so strikingly, and with such simplicity as Simon Peter. He was not a Theologian as John the Baptist, nor was he a mystic as John the Evangelist, but a plain blunt man that spoke the common needs of his own class, the uneducated people.

He was a native of Bethsaida and a son of Jonas. At the time of his meeting with Jesus, he was living with his wife, Concordia, and mother-in-law at Capernaum, on the north bank of lake Galilee, where he was occupied as a fisherman.

His life may be divided into three periods: first, in which timidity entirely rules his life; second, the struggle between timidity and a new principle, courage; and third, in which timidity vanishes, and courage becomes the dominant note of his life. Many critics have placed the brand of cowardice upon him, and have accused him of being inconsistent, yet his inconsistency lies not in his own weakness, but in his strength. It was the divine about him, and drew him more near Jesus. He was a brave man at heart and possessed a soul of fire, which was shown by his love toward his master.

It seems that he was more intimate than any of the Apostles with Jesus, for the tax collector asked him if his master paid tribute; and to him and John, was given the duty of providing the lamb for the paschal supper, although Judas carried the purse.

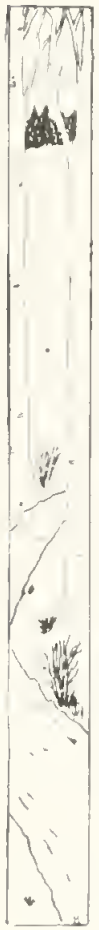
The whole keynote of Peter's character—courage warring against cowardice—was struck when he was walking on the sea to meet his master. His love for Jesus and his utter forgetfulness caused this impulsive act. But as we already know, his courage failed him just before he reached the Master, and he was compelled to take the helping hand extended toward him or sink.

In the four books of the Savior's life and death, Peter frequently declares his faith in Jesus and says, warmly, that he would lay down his life for him. And again his love is manifested, when he impulsively cut off the ear of one of the soldiers in the garden of Gethsemane. Yet we are deeply disappointed when Peter's courage failed him in the vital moment, as he followed Jesus and his captors afar off, and indignantly denied companionship with the man, in whom, so short a time before, he had declared his faith.

Jesus forgave him and accepted his renewed professions and gave him a new commission to work in his cause.

It was on the day of Pentecost, that Peter's timidity vanished and he became the resourceful man of courage that we so much admire. It was also on this marked day that he preached the marvelous sermon, which in results, has remained without a rival, even to the present. He performed miracles, and, by a miracle, pun-

"We get a thorn with every rose."—Hallie Guss.



ished with death two who had tried an experiment on the omniscience of the Holy Ghost, and rebuked Simon the magician at Samaria, who wished to buy the secret of working miracles.

At Joppa, he was taught in a vision that the ancient ritualistic distinctions between clean and unclean were abolished or that the Gentles were to have the saving power as well as the Jews.

While preaching at Jerusalem, he was put into prison by King Herod, but was later released by an angel. He, the first of any Christians to advocate exemption from the law of Moses. Later, at Antioch, Paul rebuked him for timidly dissembling on the question of the equality of the Jews and Gentiles.

At Babylon, he wrote the first epistle of St. Peter, about 63 A. D. As for the rest of his life, we have only tradition, which says that he traveled, as Paul did, among the cities and churches to which his epistles are addressed, in Pontus, Galatia, Bithynia, Capadocia and Asia. His visit to Rome established the foundation for the dispute between Catholicism and Protestantism.

The tradition of his visit to Rome takes two forms. One shows that Peter and Paul worked together at Rome, and that they founded the church, and suffered martyrdom together. The other tradition shows Peter as an opponent of a certain false man called Simon Magus, who was said to be St. Paul under a light disguise; it shows Peter pursuing him through many lands and finally in Rome, triumphing over him and dying a martyr's death.

The first legend is called the Petro-legend and the second, the Simonian. There is a great dispute and question over which is the original form. The first says that the two were friends and fellow workers, and the second, that they were bitter enemies. Yet the latter conception is historically prior to the former. Therefore, it follows that the Simonian legend is the earlier and is the parent of the former, the Petro-legend.

The proof that St. Peter visited Rome lies not only in the absence of rival tradition, but that there are many sources of evidence to prove his visit. There is the evidence of official lists and documents of the Catholic church which rests on earlier evidence. And yet it seems impossible for us to imagine that Peter worked in Rome before Paul came, for after Paul's arrival, he excludes from all his epistles, the name of Peter nor any mention of him whatever. Therefore it seems as though he had not visited Rome at the beginning of Paul's captivity.

We are led therefore to the conclusion that Peter had not come to Rome until long after Paul had been thrown into prison. The death of the Apostles occurred under the terrible reign of Nero, about 65 A. D., Paul being beheaded and Peter, at his own request, by being crucified head downward.

Peter's motto, "Forasmuch as Christ has suffered in the flesh, arm yourselves with the same mind," expressed all his loyalty and devotion to his master.

—Mabel Galbreath, '17.

"I know 'noddings' "—Paul Wasser.

Greetings from Former Teachers

I am glad to have the opportunity of saying a few words to the class of '16, before you leave W. H. S. It is needless for me to tell you that my thoughts are with you at this season of the year. Although I am several hundred miles away from you, yet I find time to let my mind wander back to Winamac and I can see you working hard on the Totem, hustling costumes for your Senior Play, and assuming the expression of dignified Seniors at your Junior reception.

I can assure you that I look back upon the three years spent in the Winamac High School with nothing but pleasant memories. Through the Totem I would give my regards to all who were at any time my pupils. I wish for every member of the Freshman class of 1913 a most successful and happy life.

FLORA FRAZIER.

Totem Staff:—

Little did I realize when I left your ranks last May that I would be writing to you from Colorado at this time. It affords me great pleasure to write to you, as Seniors of the class '16, and to wish you the greatest of success in the tasks that you will be called upon to perform as you journey forth from the doors of the Winamac High School.

Western country is most fascinating and I sincerely trust that if any of you become fabously rich from rural teaching that you will not fail to come "out where the West begins."

"Out where the landscape's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins.
Out where the sun is a wee bit brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,
That's where the West begins.
Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,
That's where the West begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying,
That's where the West begins."—Arthur Chapman

Most Sincerely,

Supr. Music and Art, LELA M. RAHM.
Fort Morgan, Colo.

Class of '16:

Your kind invitation extended me to take up a little space in the "Totem" this year makes me think again

of the days spent in the Winamac High School. I think I can say, without danger of exaggeration, that they were the happiest of my school-teaching days. And yet as I look back it hardly seems possible that those Sophomores can have grown into Seniors and will soon leave the school forever.

I have been in Humboldt, S. Dak., two years. I have a small high school here, and not as much interest is put into high school work as was found in Winamac. Yet I am enjoying the work very much.

But nowhere, since I left Winamac, have I found that interest and enthusiasm which are such great factors in school work. With the completion of the new high school building, you ought to make old Winamac High second to none in Indiana.

I not only wish the Totem to be successful, but to each of you, the Senior class, and to all my friends in Winamac, I wish the greatest success possible.

Sincerely Yours,
C. H. RITTENHOUSE.

F is for Freshmen, the class of '19.
R is for red with the black to be seen.
E is for English that we love so well.
S for the songs that in music we yell.
H for Miss Hendrickson using no force.
M is for Mary, Miss Duncan, of course.
E for the end that we hope to attain.
N for the noise that forever will reign
In the realms of the W. H. S.

"Geiser isn't afraid of me."—Frank Spangler.

Senior Class Play

Senior Class Play

"A Count of No Account"

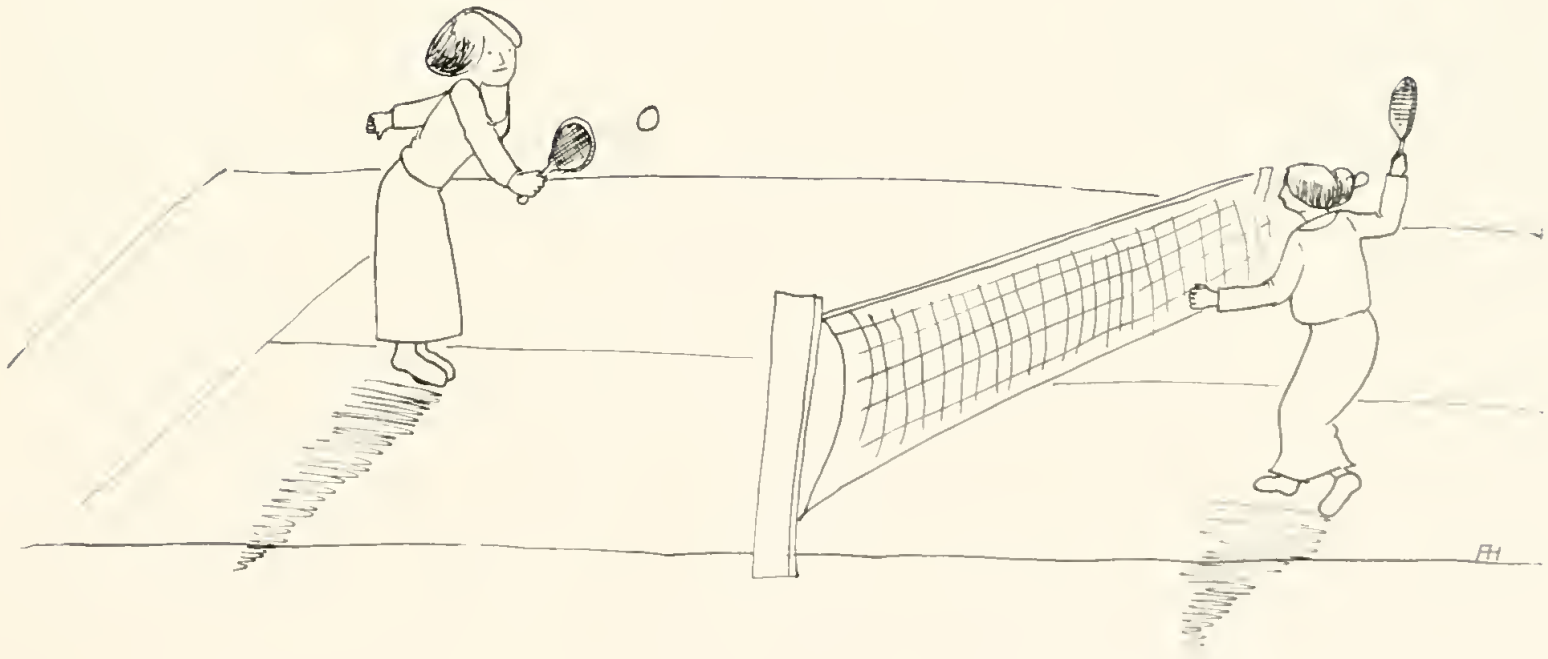
Archibald Waring, called "Weary" for short.....Gill Gordon
James J. Long, of the firm of Long & Short.....Howard Hodgen
Marvin Short, of the firm of Long & Short.....Addis Fritz
Johann Kramer, proprietor of the "Lion Inn".....Henry Grabner
Count Henri Nogoodio, of Paris, France.....Carl Brucker
General Iama Terror, retired from active service.....Charles Smith
Si Perkins, Sheriff of "Boom County".....Walter Mitchell
Hans, Otto } Porters at the "Lion Inn".....Cloyd Lavengood, Will Cox
Mrs. Maria Goodley, Terror's widowed sister.....Marcella Hoover
Bessie Long, daughter of Mr. Long.....Hilda Corbett
Jessie Short, daughter of Mr. Short.....Violet Metz
Louise, French maid at the Inn.....Lillian Cox

Time—The present.

Locality—"The Lion's Inn," Catskill Mountains.

"I just can't make my eyes behave."—Ota Weidner.

ATHLETICS



DENNIS, Capt., Forward | HODGEN, Center | SMITH, Forward | FRITZ, Guard

GRABNER, Guard FALVEY, Forward WASSER, Guard MILHOLLAND, Coach

Basket Ball Season

ALTHOUGH the Basket Ball team of W. H. S. lost seven of the twelve games played this season, it proved itself the strongest the school has ever possessed. The team played "stiffer" games this year than ever before, but owing to the irregularity of the schedule and the inconsistency of courts, unfortunately we came out at the short end of the line. However, the team was fortunate in having three experienced players (Seniors) Hodgen, Fritz and Dennis all having played since their Freshman year, with Grabner, Smith, Falvey and Wasser equally as good. The first four games of the season were played by Seniors.

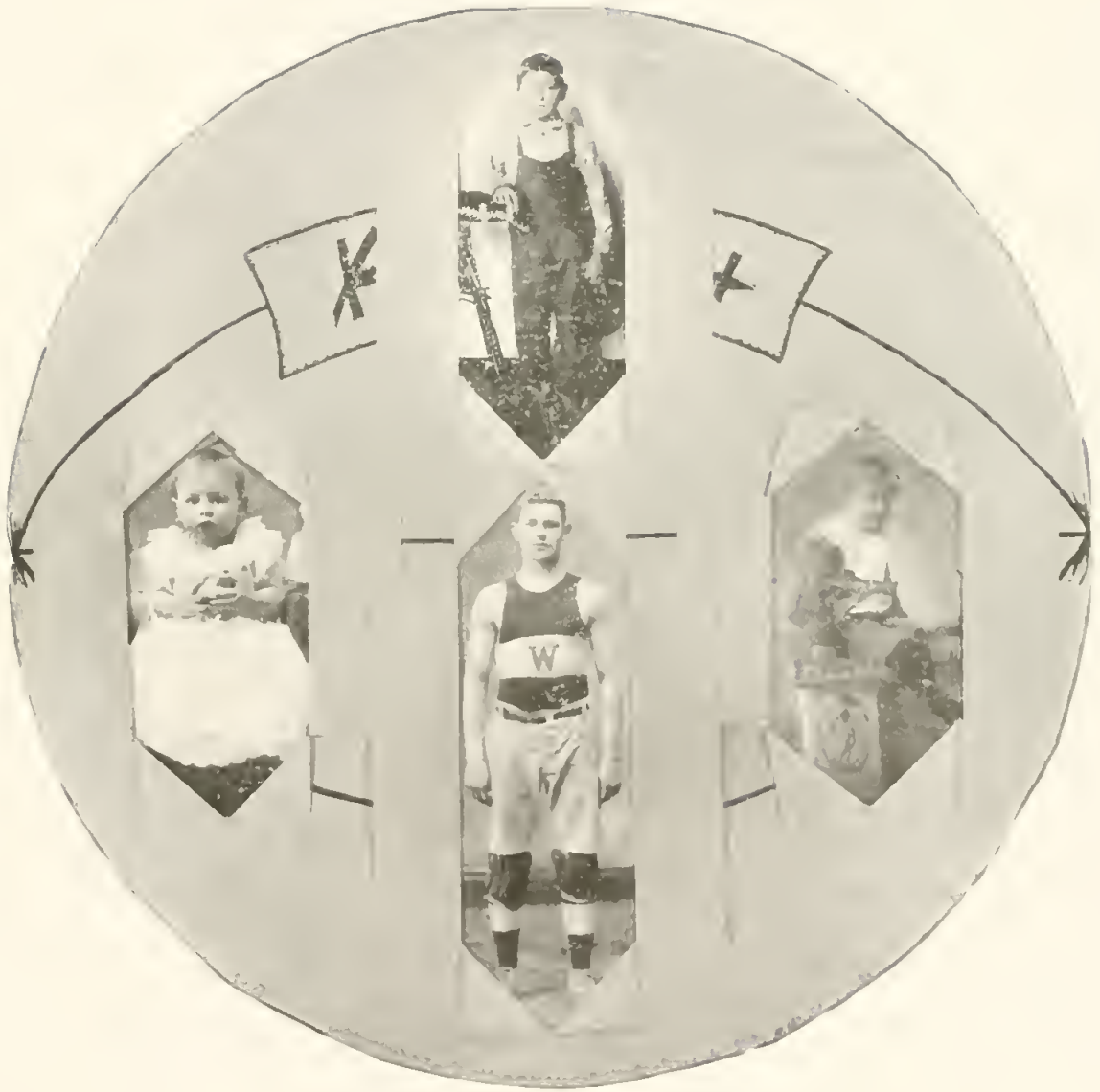
On Nov. 12th the Rochester quintet came to Winamac for the first game of the season, but were defeated by a score of 28 to 23. This team annexed the championship in their district last year. On the following Friday night we met the Lacrosse five on the home floor and were again victorious with a score of 52 to 9. The Winamac team journeyed to Culver Nov. 24th, where they played equally as good a game as did the lake lads, holding them to a tie score the first half, but finally losing the game 40 to 20. The fourth and roughest game of the season was played at Medaryville, Dec. 3rd, resulting with a score of 37 to 21 in favor of the west-siders. The Monticello vs. Winamac game was the only one lost on the home floor, the score reading 40 to 26. The Winamac five with two carloads of rooters went to Rochester Jan. 7th, expecting to hold the east-siders to a close score, but, for lack of teamwork, were cleanly defeated, 73 to 12. The boys traveled to Monticello Jan. 14th and really won the game 22 to 20, but, failing to have a timekeeper, were beaten 24 to 22 in an overtime game. A second time the home team was defeated 40 to 31 by the husky Medaryville bunch. This was a much cleaner game than the previous one played at that place. On Feb. 5th the Winamac boys in the best game of the season defeated Culver 34 to 24, on the home floor. In the last game of the season Medaryville was defeated 29 to 27 on the home floor.

The team again entered the district tournament held at Rochester, March 10th and 11th. Here they walked away from the Bourbon five with a score of 34 to 22. But, on the following morning, lost to Cluver 34 to 26.

"I'm always afraid I'll get 'Cot' (caught "—Effie Day.

Dennis

"Shobie" has been the leading athlete of the school for four years. He has played forward in Basket Ball since a Freshman, and has to his credit about half the points made in that time. He has acted as captain of the Basket Ball team for three years, and was chosen captain of the Base Ball team this year. He is not only a star in Basket Ball, but also a leader in Base Ball and Track.



Base Ball and Track.

WINAMAC High School played its first Base Ball game at Kewanna. Dennis and Falvey formed the battery with Long at first base, Grabner second base, Wasser short stop, Smith third base, Hoffman left field, Gordon center field, and Fritz right field. The boys lost by a close score, but avenged themselves in a return game two weeks later. The third game was played at Knox, where the boys easily outplayed the Starke county nine. This completed this out door sport until spring, when three more games were played, two with Star City and one with Kewanna, all resulting in our favor.

After one week's training Coach Capouch with seven men motored to North Judson, to compete in a triangular field meet, between North Judson, Winamac and Lacrosse. The Pulaski county lads lost the meet by three points, receiving 46½ points. Lacrosse carried away the honors with 49½ points while North Judson registered third with 30 points. Isenbarger of Lacrosse was the individual star of the meet, having obtained seven firsts and one second.

Girls' Basket Ball Squad

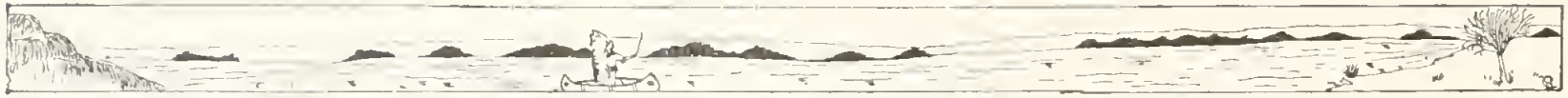
STANDING—Hazel [illegible], Clara Krott, Alice Shonkwiler, Bernice Fites, Rosa Goodpaster, Hazel Holmes, Ruby Starr, Bernice Porter, Ethel Fisher, Mary Smith, Mary Shaw.

SEATED—Leona Munchenburg, Marguerite Wills, Fay Miller, Gladys Keiso, Pearl Lowry, Hazel Degner, Pearl Goodpaster—coach

Girls' Basket Ball

FOR several years not much had been done in the way of girls' gymnastic training. This year, however, the gym had a "girls' night" on which the girls were to have an hour after school one evening a week for training. A girls' athletic association was organized with Hazel Degner as president, and Pearl Goodpaster as coach. Two teams were then organized, a first team and a second team. The girls turned out very well once a week for practice and we soon had pretty fair teams, considering the fact that some had never played basket ball before. One game was played with the town team—the H. S. team being victorious. There is great promise of some good material among the girls for basket-ball.

"No wonder your mother has nervous prostration" — J. M. G.



Advice to the Lovelorn

By Sophronie B. Mildude.

Having all my life been a recipient and a giver of Cupid's most fatal darts, and knowing it now to be impossible to undo the mischief I have done, I take the next best way by devoting my life as a soothing balm for those suffering from like causes. I feel perfectly fitted for this, for I know only too well those agonizing throes which come to

"Two eggs with but a single yolk,
Two whites that beat as one."

It is my dearest wish that all whom I may have the opportunity of advising shall at length reach that longed-for haven and "live scrappily ever after."

(For further advice please send self-addressed stamped envelope to 5360 Slush St., Hullabaloo, Utah.)

Dear Miss Mildude:

I am being very much embarrassed by the unsought for attention of several young ladies of the high school, especially of the sophomore class. I see no reason why I should thus be tormented for I have tried for two years to peacefully pursue my high school education. I have always tried to be exceedingly modest and careful in my dress. I black my shoes every morning and spend at least forty-five minutes making my toilette. So you see in every way I try to efface myself from every possible conspicuosity. Please advise me if I have failed in any way in my endeavors to evade my too numerous girl admirers.

Yours Truly,
JOHN M. SPADES.

I received your letter and can say that I sympathize with you greatly. My own experience in life has been similar. My method of escaping this great annoyance would be for you to be less careful about your dress. Do not comb your hair so smoothly; wear a red sweater; do not press your trousers so often and black your shoes but once a week. If you do not wish to be extremely polite to your lady friends, at least show some degree of courtesy, for your success in life will not be the greatest if you do not mingle with the fair sex.

Dear Miss Mildude—

I am a Senior of the Winamac High School and am known as a student of no mean ability. Yet with this reputation, I think I have a most trying position to fill. The fact is that I am very, very bashful, my face turns a brilliant crimson every time I am brought to notice. I consider this one of the greatest afflictions that could be placed upon anyone. Will you please tell me how

to overcome it? I have tried in various ways but they seem of no avail. Please recommend something, for I feel that if I am not cured my mission in the world can not be fully accomplished. ANTHONY.

Your condition is only that of thousands of others. Bashfulness must be overcome by weeks, months and even years of severe struggles. I have given several of the young gentlemen in your class recipes for a liquid face powder that when applied looks like tan. If enough of this is put on I guarantee it to cover blushes. Please send stamped envelope for particulars.

Dear Miss Mildude—

We are four nice looking girls considered by some to be quite pretty. We want your advice in a school matter. We have been dismissed from a class whose teacher we greatly admire. It is such a sorrow to lose all that time of gazing at him that we have all lost several pounds since our dismissal. Besides there is another girl about our age whom we know he is greatly interested in, and we fear that we shall lose out entirely if he is left to her influence. Dear Miss Mildude, please help us in our great affliction and we will always remain

Your Devoted,
EMIRA, BYRN, ANIN, ZEHAL.

Your teacher must be very handsome or he would not be so popular. Would you mind sending me his name and address? Be happy and cheerful so that he will think you really do not care. This attitude of indifference will often pique attention. Pretend to be interested in other affairs and people. Fate only can do the rest, but if you follow up my instructions you will probably win your case. But remember you are still young and that Cupid's darts are not necessarily fatal in youth. Perhaps if you would diet yourself on soup beans and cabbage you would regain your lost flesh.

My Dear Miss Mildude—

I am writing to you of a matter which has troubled me for several months. A certain young man in this town, whom I greatly admire, does not treat me as I would like for him to do. Last fall he went with a friend of mine who stayed at my home. Whenever he made a call I was quite friendly, so at length, he quit my friend and made frequent calls on me. In a short while, however, we quarreled and now he is going with my friend again. I have pondered and shed many tears over the situation. I do not think it right for her to entertain him in my home when she knows how I care. I feel that I cannot endure life longer if such a state of affairs continues. What can I do to win him back again? Yours in despair,

ELONA.

P. S. How much does poison cost?

Elona—Your position is surely a trying one, but you

must be brave and patient. Still, I do not advise you to try to win him back, for it would be no true lady's act. Console yourself by mingling with other young people. Perhaps some day you will find someone who will be far more attractive to you. Whatever you do, do not worry, and at all events do not do anything rash. (I have a lotion for broken hearts that I sell for fifty cents a bottle.)

Miss Mildude—

I am a brilliant young sophomore and very popular. There is one little freckle-faced, brown-haired girl whom I especially admire. One day the professor told us (when we were talking in class) that we might remain after class and have a quiet chat. I enjoyed it so much and only regretted as I left that the time had been too short to make two dates instead of one. I would like to know how I might bring about this situation again. Yours hopefully,

H. H.

H. H.—You seem to be quite a progressive young man. It is a great pleasure for me to correspond with such as you. I should advise you to visit the young lady in her home rather than after classes. (If you find difficulty in expressing yourself on occasions of your calls, I have a pamphlet entitled "Dates and Darts" which I am sure would be of great use to you. Price 25c.)

Eva S. translating in German II—"He was at the same time a kind of Turkey."

Lillie Cox—"Are you going to have your graduation picture taken full length?"

Irene K.—"No, full width."

Mr. G.—"Madesta, what was it that happened that made Nero prosecute the Christians so cruelly?"

Madesta—"The birth of Christ."

Mr. Milholland—"Why not try to clear the fraction of equations?"

Vine Dilts, telling a story in English I.—"He lived all alone by himself."

Mr. Milholland was at the blackboard explaining a problem to Algebra I and the Freshies were not paying attention, so he said: "Well, what do you suppose I am talking for? Just to hear my head rattle?"

Mr. Geiser—"Tom, you must have an idea."

Tommy mumbles a timid uncertain answer.

Mr. G.—"Tom, you musn't use such technical terms because the rest of us poor folks can't understand them."

"I guess it's six one way and a half dozen the other" —Mr. Geiser.

In Physics Class—The statement is made that a diver seldom ever sinks below the depth of one hundred feet on account of the high pressure existing at that depth. Alpha Hoesel, seeking fame and notoriety, adds his knowledge to the subject.

"I've read where a diver sank to a depth of 215 feet."

The class took his word for it, till Alpha gave the second and concluding chapter to his recitation.

"It killed him."

Baseball team on way to Kewanna in an automobile pass a very pretty girl. The boys enjoy the novelty and wave their hands with enthusiasm, till the serenity of their thoughts was broken by Mr. Milholland.

"Cut that rough stuff, boys."

Paul Wasser, requested in English II to write an account of that morning's breakfast, writes: "My breakfast consisted of a sour pickle, a glass of water, and a tooth-pick."

Mr. Geiser—"Richard, you may answer the next question. It's a grand opportunity for you. You know all that Americans want is an opportunity.—(Pause)—The chance is yours, why don't you take it?—No one is hindering you or stepping on your dress to pull you back."

In German I—Ed Ewing answered a question of Miss Duncan as follows: "Nein, mein Herr."

Henry Grabner, greatly worried on account of his steady increase of avoirdupois, went to a doctor one day and consulted him. The doctor recommended a diet and told Henry what he should and should not eat. Henry joyfully went his way. After two weeks he came back to the doctor's office stouter than ever. The doctor questioned him:

"Did you eat what I told you to?"

"Sure, but it is no use," replied Henry.

"Are you sure you did not eat anything I told you not to?" questioned the doc.

"Yes, I am sure, except of course my regular meals.

One morning in January, when it was five degrees below zero, Miss Hendrickson rushes into the Assembly where is seated the eager throng and looks at the Assembly clock. All looked at the clock. It had stopped. Some cold.

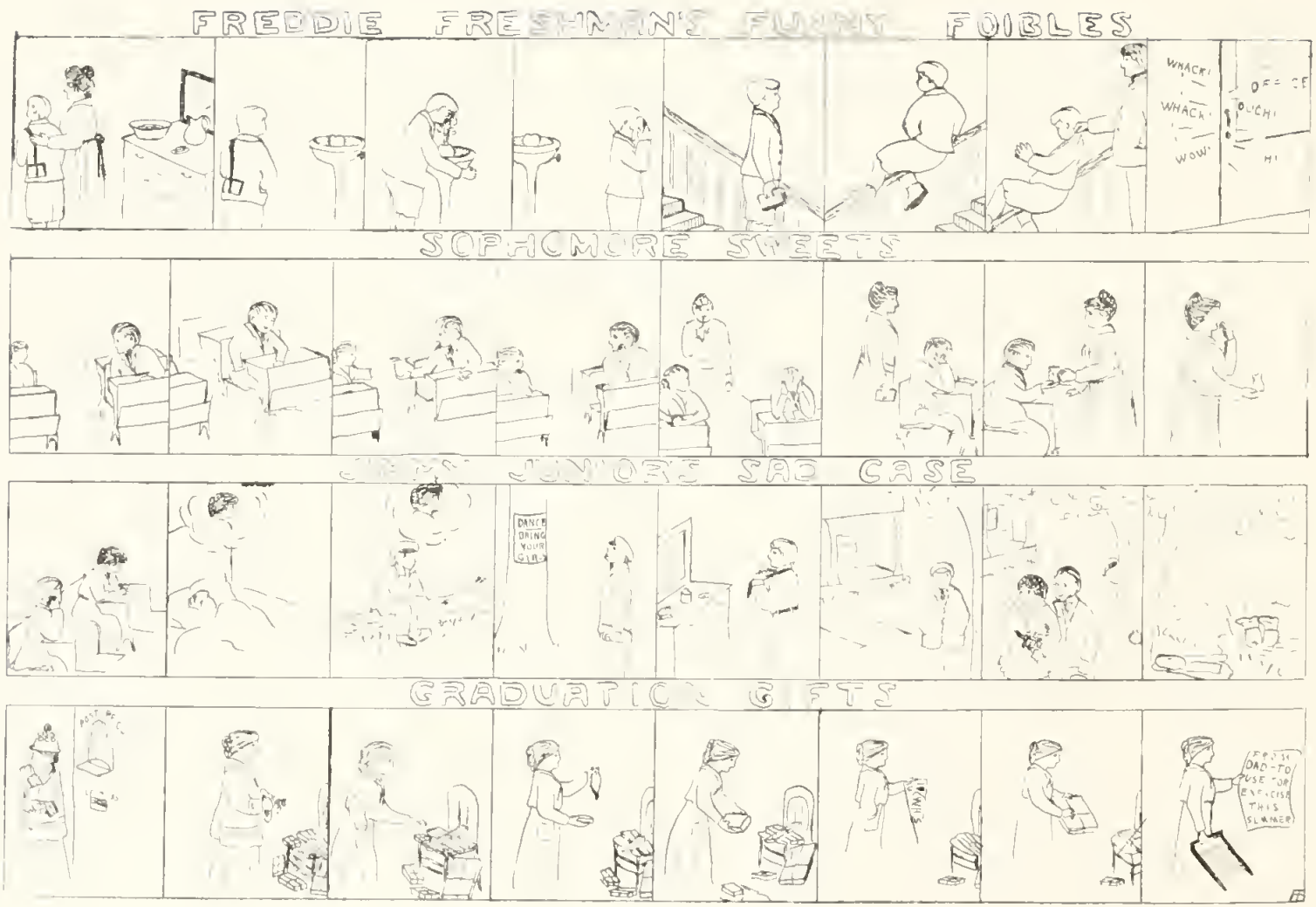
Miss Duncan—"Hazel, what does insonant sound like?"

Hazel—"Oh- - -thunder!"

Miss Barr took a photograph of the railroad bridge one Saturday from the Woodruff bridge. She also took one of a little green hat floating down stream.

Nina Aery, quoting from Macbeth, "She should have died yesterday."

"Let's go, gang." Henry Grabner.


FREDDIE FRESHMAN'S FUNNY FOIBLES
WHACK!
WHACK!
WOW!
OUCH!
HI
SOPHOMORE SWEETS
JUNIOR'S SAD CASE
DANCE
BRING
YOUR
GIRL
GRADUATION GIFTS
FOR DAD - TO USE FOR EXERCISE THIS SUMMER

Mr. Geiser in History II—"William, what did the ancient Romans study?"
Bill W.—"English and rhetoric."

Underclassman, making a reference to the Junior history, "Now, in that modern-evil history book—"

Pupil's excuse for tardiness:
Dear Teacher:—
Please excuse Willie for being late. I was cutting his hair and was interrupted.
Signed—Pa.

Lillian Cox, in answer to Mr. Geiser's question: "The states had to sanctify the constitution before it would come into effect."

Miss H. in English class—"How long did he do this?"
Ruth Huffman—"Every day of his life as long as he lived."

Mr. Capouch—"Is it a running sore?"
Frank S.—No, it just stays in the same place."

Miss Hendrickson—"Orville, can you tell us anything about the manner and customs of the peasant people?"
Orville C.—"No, I don't remember anything except that they don't have much to eat."

Mr. Capouch—"I want you to remember that this is an agricultural class, not a gum chewing contest, so—"
K. Fites—"Chew it well?"

Miss D.—"Is Olga ill today?"
Eva Shine—"No, she's just sick."

Mr. Geiser, in History II.—"Earl, did you really forget who that man was?"
Earl—"Yes, sir."
Bobby R. (not called on)—"Sulla."
Mr. G. (surprised)—"Well, that little fellow did know something. He's like a singed cat, smarter than he looks."

Mr. Geiser, in History II—"Earl, what do you remember of this man's reign?"
Earl remains silent.
Mr. G.—"Olive! Some boys don't amount to much."
Olive remains silent.
Mr. G.—"And some girls, too."

Found on floor of Assembly addressed to Karl Brucker. "Perhaps it would interest you to know that Mr. Rolax in the Busted Coin has accepted the position as pitcher for the Haschel Colts. Knowing of your recent investigations and interest in the movies this will no doubt be a great blow to you." Who gets the Diamond from the Sky?"

"I know it but I can't tell it."—Alma S.

A continual strife has been going on between Alpha Hoesel and Addis Fritz for the possession of a Lily. We advise a change of seats.

Mr. Capouch—"Mary, where does phosphate rock come from?"
Chuck Ryan, (whispering)—"Tennessee."
Mary—"From the sea."

One day at noon Mr. Capouch held a lesson on spraying in Mr. Dellinger's back yard. The sprayer proved to be defective, and he sprayed himself instead of the trees. Some of the freshmen wanted to know what disease Mr. C. was cleaned of.

Evaleen R.—"Lucas, are you good at dates?"
Lucas, (studying Roman calendar)—"Yes, but not these kind."

Miss H., in English IV—"Who will look up and report on that poem tomorrow?"
Howard, the courteous—"I will."
He was going to Rochester the next day.

The Senior girls are studying cooking, but the Sophomore girls are studying the psychology of the masculine Sophomore mind. Leona M. says this study comes first, if you succeed in it, you may have reason for studying cooking.

Bill Cox and Henry G. were paddling strenuously to get a boat across the river against a violent current.
Voices from the shore. "Throw out the ballast, Bill!"

In Bookkeeping Gill Gordon goes up to the desk with pass book and deposit slip to make his first deposit. Milholland looks through the pass book and then said:
"Where is the money you are depositing."
Gill—"Oh, I forgot that!"

In English class Miss H. compliments Addis Fritz on his reading of Snow Bound.
"You read better than some of my eighth grade pupils, Addis."
Addis ought to have given her a dollar.

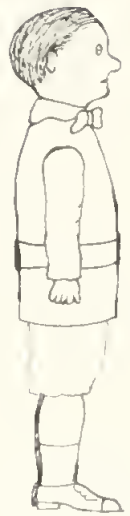
Mr. G., in History II—"William, what was the most important event of Emperor Valens' rule?"
Bill Werner—"He was killed."

Mr. Capouch—"Vera, what is a parasite?"
Vera—"Oh, a little thing like a bug."

Marguerite arrived at her new seat and greeted her neighbors heartily. As she was shaking hands with Paul Wasser, Milholland came along.
Milholland—"If you want to hold hands, wait until after school."
Marguerite to Paul—"Let's go home now."

"Violet, how do you translate this German?"—M. Kilander.

CALENDAR



September—

13. School opens; enrollment 120.
14. Freshies dispute time of recess with Mr. Milholland and refuse to go out.
15. Freshies want to go out doors for their music. Yes, back to nature.
16. Miss Duncan has found out how Caesar managed to cross the Rhone so quickly, for the Latin says that the river was crossed in many places by "fords."
17. Fay Miller grows small and finally disappears altogether, (under a desk). Cause: gentle reproof by Milly.
21. Chubby and Levi have an "o'er-seats" game of foot-ball.
22. Mr. Geiser to Hallie Guss: "Gussie can you ans—?" He got no farther, it is needless to say.
23. Teacher, in summing up the virtues and faults of History class, says that its members are very good-looking but are lacking in everything else.
24. Raining outside! Girls eat in Mr. Janitor's premises. They got to eat somewhere.
27. Girls eat in premises again.
28. Premises locked! Girls eat in assembly.
29. Girls get walking papers again, so they eat outside in cold.
30. Girls cry out for mercy and a place to eat.

October—

1. A terrific explosion occurred at 10:45. The report around school is that Frankie Spangler sneezed at precisely the same minute.
4. Mr. Geiser dismisses his Hist. IV class with a cordial "Good-day." Wonder if he really is so glad to see us go.
5. Visiting day at the office. Ki and Vi in the morning and Paul in the afternoon.
6. Dick Falvey lost his mind on the way to school. Finder shall receive $5.00 reward.
7. Milly dismisses kids for recess at 2:00, only to find another class awaiting him.
8. Morning of Rochester game. Girls prepare to fall in ——
11. Thelma and Ruth, two small freshies, offering $10 to anyone able to keep their hearts and Addis Fritz offering equal reward to any competitor.
12. Henry Grabner informs Miss West that he can't sing in boys' chorus anymore, and, in answer to inquiries, says that since he works in the bakery he can't get above "dough."
13. Elizabeth Weaver falls flat upon floor in entering Assembly. Something struck her pretty hard—no telling what.
14. Miss Duncan says that "lieben" always takes an object, even if it is imaginary.

"I believe I'll eop Effie."—Gill G.

15. Curtain lecture by Milholland.
18. Levi takes a large size photo of one of the professors and Ikey and Ota scrap over it.
19. Milly tries his new desk bell; once, only once.
20. Pupils instructed to leave ear-marks on problems. Wonder what kind o' lookin' things them are, nohow?
21. Mr. Geiser tells Hist. IV girls that if they don't get their lessons better, their name will be "Dennis." Hobe looks distressed at prospect of so many uneducated wives.
22. The Tiny Tads found a note upon the floor.
25. All stock-holders in the Hava Siga Rette fraternity met today.
26. Gladys G. has two healthy curls this A. M.
28. Thomas J's horse is in better condition now, because he can't ride him quite so fast.
29. Cats are soon going to be extinct. You will believe this if you only take a glance in the Assembly at the girls' collars and cuffs.

November—

1st. Week. For missing calendar notes see Weaver's cow.

8. History II have an awful lesson. Mr. Geiser cries out "Mirabile Dictu" in his anguish.
11. Poor Levi—gone again, "Skip to my Lou."
12. Air full of excitement. Boys all nervous and flustrated. Leaves rattle, hands tremble, knees wabble and hair stands on end as B. B. B. take their places.
15. Scientific Indigestion or Literary American. To be or not to be?
16. First snow of season! Caused by the freshies getting their feathers plucked.
18. Hallie and Gill both miss a sentence in Grammar. Can't anybody make connections anywhere?
22. Milly says that ratios are just the same, only opposite.
23. Ki's birthday. Not quite an old maid by a few years.
24. Visions of turkey and pumpkin pie rising so high before the freshies' faces that they have to look straight up to study.
29. We're back again. That is, most of us are. Some are thinking of good times.
30. Hobe is sporting life-like pictures of two of his lady friends.

December—

1. Bake and Chubby are trying to start a mutual admiration society.
2. Addis fails to see any connection between a couple and a Physics lesson.
3. Last day of exams. No heartaches over the past?
6. How many times does Agnes need to be told to leave her tatting at home, to make her obey?
7. "What are we going to do about it?" Thomas wants

"I'd l ke to be a carpenter, but I'd have to Hammer Long."—W. Mitchell.

to know and the other one-half of the Vergil class.

8. Mr. Geiser thinks that another admiration society has been formed. Someone has surely misinformed him.
9. It is rumored that Hallie G. has already consumed one half the bushel of onions that she contracted to eat this winter.
10. Elizabeth caught making faces at John Diggs These affairs always end in heartaches, Elizabeth; we know from experience.
13. All the Arithmetic class get religion into their heads, so Milly gives Bible references to read instead of problems.
15. Antony's funeral speech in one room and a "death" lecture on Latin ponies in another. We phophesy our own funerals within the next six weeks, at this rate.
16. Chubby asks Santa Claus for a beau for Xmas.
17. Poor Hammer Long! From the depths of some divine despair, come tears of consolation.
20. Ross tries to hang himself with the rope of the window-blind but was forthwith informed that those things weren't cow ropes.
21. We wonder if foot washing is as ancient a custom is Thomas J. says it is.
22. Milly informs us that "H" stands for heat. Yes sir, we always thought it stood for something which is said to be hot, anyway.
23. Miss Hendrickson asks whether she should say, "O, I am hurt," or "O-h—, I am hurt." We surely wouldn't advise the latter anyway.
24. Jokes in Eng. IV. Biffer almost gets his medicine.

January—

3. Thomas' pony has had a rest and is looking quite well again.
4. Mr. Geiser has to wind the clock. Although he has to stand upon a chair to do it, it's just a little beneath his dignity.
5. Whatever does get the matter with Carl's ears in Physics Class? $5.00 for an answer.
6. First class battery and chalk practice. Preparedness!
10. Paul finally maks up his mind to raise his grades, which is quite different from what he is accustomed to raising. (Cain.)
11. Miss West breaks all ties with W. H. S. and leaves on noon train.
12. Talk about springs! We all think that the teachers possess those in abundance from the tests that are sprung on us.
13. Poor little Mary Shaw! She has such poor success in keeping order back in her corner.
14. Alpha says that a gram of water weighs 62.5 lbs.
15. Mr. Milholland has a hair cut.
16. Mr. Milholland has a cold. No wonder.

"Kerrigan, that's me."—Carl Brucker.

19. Hodgen is in love trouble, and what(?)
20. Nobody is really living, just existing in suspense—Exams.
21. Hobe has to put on his overshoes to go to the bookcase. Deep water somewhere.
24. The racer got too fast for us, so we just have to use the old family horse.
25. Babe and Agnes resemble the magnets we have in Physics class. They always attract each other and go together again if separated.
26. Roads are muddy.
27. Marie has to hitch her pony onto the buggy to get her out of the ramparts of Caesar's camp.
28. Milly still persists in trying to ring that desk bell.
31. Don't call a "plateau" a "tableau." Ask Mr. Lawrence if this isn't so.

February—

1. Kink loses his equilibrium and falls more or less gracefully upon the stair steps.
2. We have so much company (in Assembly), that we don't know what to do.
3. Wasser and teacher's desk also resemble magnets.
4. Bernice Porter says that the people of Russia are noted for grazing. Would be glad to know what species of animals this is.
7. Fritz says that Hamlet called Polonius "God-o'-mercy."
8. All ought to follow Edison's example in studying. Genius is 2 per cent inspiration and 98 per cent perspiration, anyway.
10. That's the way Henry lost his brains. He blew his nose so hard.
11. Hodgen is going to get a whipping after school some night. Would like to be there to hear him cry.
14. A thought has been tumbling and raving for weeks and weeks in the mind of a Sophomore girl and finally expressed itself today, "Will H. Grabner ever catch a girl?"
15. If a cur could cause as much fun every day as it did today, we wish that some kind person would put one in the Assembly every afternoon.
16. It's hard to tell which is ribbon and which hair when Babe Kelso wears a crimson ribbon on her head.
17. If a bunch of us would buy a food-chopper or a sausage grinder, we might start a bolonga shop at the entrance. Dogs and stray cats and birds that visit school could be substituted for—. It's been done before, you know.
18. Rachel wears a middy with a monstrous tie.
21. Cupid breaks loose again! One of our former senior girls was the victim this time.
22. Hammer Long, alias George Washington Abraham Lincoln William McKinley Hopkins Sidney Priff, says that one of his name-sakes was born a few years ago today.

"I do my best playing in Buke's dreams." Hobe D.

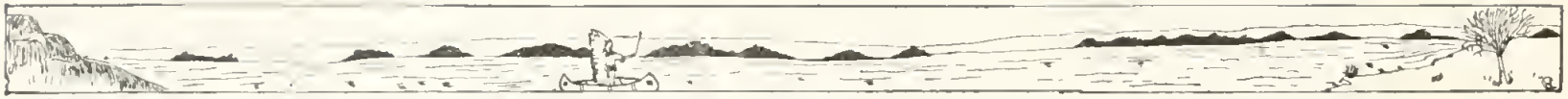
23. It's funny how a laugh will break out.
24. Girls' chorus without a chorister.
25. Spelling morning. Heinie's late.
28. Miss Duncan turned her ankle and was unable to be at school today.
29. These old exams appear to pester us again.

March—

1. The teachers always save us the trouble of reviewing, but also the trouble of getting a good grade.
2. Tony Moose wants to know what an observer of a dynamo is and is dumbfounded when told that it is himself.
3. Ahoy! All hands on deck! (To hoist Fred out of the Assembly.)
6. Wanted: to know the title of the book that makes Milly grin and blush so while he is reading it in the Assembly period.
7. Everybody is afraid that Fritz will be dead with the gout before spring.
8. According to Chubby's statements Henry's grammar has not improved one bit.
9. Everybody wants to be dismissed.
13. Record of Basket Ball Tournament. Everybody had a girl but Buke and he had two.
14. Poor Miss Duncan! She sprained her ankle again.
15. Men are useful to regulate heat, according to the best authority from the Latin and Grammar department.
16. Madesta says that Cyril isn't such a bad kid after all (in long trousers.)
17. St. Patrick's Day in the A. M. Seniors beat 'em all.
20. That poor fellow in the Sophomore class. Sometimes he wishes that he might Digg his grave when so assailed by girls.
21. Everybody sings: "I'd like to be a carpenter, but I'd have to Hammer Long."
23. 'Tis sad to see the forlornness of Leona when she sees her rival walking with the yellow-haired Soph.
24. Weldy gets hungry and asks for a package of "Mellin's Food."
27. See how the Bible Study is cropping out in the Cox family. Will calls "insurrection" "resurrection" and Lil calls "ratify" "sanctify."
28. Woman Suffrage discussed in Civics class today. It's an important topic so the whole period was devoted to it.
30. Addis finds difficulty in taking the fool's part in English Class. Isn't it funny? And we thought it would come natural.

April—

10. Milly catches his sole on a piece of gum and sings a sole-low in Physics class today. His accomplishments are increasing.
12. Everybody talking about the Senior play.
13. Babe Kelso studied her Physics lesson today. Send for the doctor!



14. Irene looks steadily at her left foot for fifteen minutes and then sets to work with a vim. She must have gotten a big idea in mind.
17. J. M. G. tells for the fifth time the story of a friend of his who was in Paris.
18. Exams again. Ruby makes a pillow of her school books and sleeps on them for one whole night.
19. Seniors practice play.
20. Mag gets exicted thinking about ball game tomorrow and is heard to mutter under her breath, "It wasn't you Gill; it was the ball."
21. Ball team goes to Star City.
25. There was a story being told in Eng. III about a lady who had one of her curly locks stolen from her by one of her lovers. Fred immediately pulled his collar up over his locks. Wonder who he thinks would molest him?
26. We've got Aeneas down in Hades now and we positively refuse to get him out. It's where he belongs for making a long story for poor students to translate.
27. Speech on Chewing Gum.
28. Gladys K. forgets so soon and gets sent home.

May—

1. Everybody seining the river for Miss Barr's green hat.
2. Henry finds difficulty in taking lover's part in Senior play.
3. That "three times I cast my arms around her neck" piece happened around again today. We feel as if we'd know it if we would meet it down on the street somewhere.
4. "Weary" found enlarging his "Diamond Dick" supply and the material was confiscated.
8. Faint manifestation of that sponge again.
9. Sponge again wanders into Assembly.
10. Because of its vagrant disposition the sponge was confiscated and locked in a drawer.
11. Juniors having class meetings.
12. Seniors admire fingers.
15. Seniors continue to admire fingers.
16. Everybody wonders whether the Seniors will survive or not.
17. Townspeople talking about Johann. His troubles sure were entrancing.
23. Seniors finally decide to attend commencement and make it a grand success with their presence.

Mr. G. in Civics IV—"Members of Congress are exempt from arrest for petty offenses. Carl, what crimes may they be arrested and held for?"

Carl B.—"Treason and breach of promise." We advise Carl to write and inform some of those M. C.'s who are in the habit of making promises.

"Orvel, say it won't last long (war"—G. Felty.

Alumni

1890

Clara Shill Hoffman, ... Chicago, Ill.
Mary Estes Bouslog, deceased
Nettie Collins Lefever, ... Los Angeles, Cal.
George F. Loring, ... Chicago, Ill.
Chas. H. Kramer, telegraph operator ..... Wakarusa, Ind.
Minnie Wood Carper, ... Los Angeles, Cal.
Belle Pearson Huddleston, ... Winamac

1891

Kizzie Collins Dallas, ... Athabasca, Canada
Florence Agnew Cole, ... Washington, D. C.
Charles Carper, deceased
Harry W. McDowell, lawyer, ... Winamac

1892

Margaret O'Connell, ... Winamac
Amelia Barnett, ... Winamac
Lillie Shill, ... Detroit, Mich.
Myrtle Agnew Kiger, ... Harrison, Idaho
Harry Gates, ... Peoria, Ill.
Charles Morehart, ... Logansport, Ind.
Chase Wood, ... Los Angeles, Cal.

1893

Edith Schell McMurray, ... Bartow, Florida
Rose Freeman Lukens, ... Indianapolis, Ind.
Mary Jenkins Ham, ... Boston, Mass.
Grace Wharton Rowles, ... New Lisbon, Ind.
Charles A. VanWormer, railroader, ... Logansport, Ind.

1894

Dora Weyand Dukes, ... Winamac

1895

Grace Thomas Bennett, deceased
Ella Jenkins, deceased
Gertrude Morehart Williams, ... Chicago, Ill.
Wilfred Cox, ... Chicago, Ill.
Charles O. Bruce, ... Bonneterre, Mo.

1896

Mabel Agnew Rapp, ... Spokane, Wash.
Della Carney, ... San Diego, Cal.
Josie O'Connell, librarian, ... Winamac
Lela Hedges Wharton, ... Winamac
Maud Wharton Baughman, ... Winamac
Florence Dilts Leeson, ... Terre Haute, Ind.
Alice Parris Boyles, ... Ft. Dodge, Iowa

1897

Charles Jenkins, deceased
Grace Brown West, ... Cleveland, Ohio
Ralph M. Streeter, deceased
Ethel Streeter (married), ... Indiana Harbor, Ind.
Michael Buehrle, ... Cleveland, Ohio
Rose Miller, teacher, ... Winamac

1898

Maud Dilts Burkey, ... Winamac

1899

Bertha Thompson Hathaway, deceased
Iva Critchfield Ragsdale, ... Paducah, Ky.
Jay Hedges, traveling salesman, ... Indianapolis, Ind.
Blanche Meiser Dirks, ... Indianapolis, Ind.
Nettie Corbett Watts, ... Logansport, Ind.
June Humes, ... Chicago
Andrew P. Wirick, bank cashier, ... Star City, Ind.

1900

Charles Kelly, mechanical engineer, ... Milwaukee, Wis.
Adda Boggess, ... Mentone, Ind.
Margaret Tobin, ... South Bend, Ind.
Etta Hornbeck Holmes, ... Winamac
Chauncey R. Bader, deceased

1901

Ina Terry, teacher, ... Winamac
Claude Netherton, lawyer, ... Chicago
Pha Taylor Curtis, ... Winamac
Ora Wildermuth, lawyer, ... Gary, Ind.

1902

Arthur Williams, civil engineer, ... Connellsville, Pa.
Bertha Jackson Kelly, ... Winamac
Robert Kelly, merchant, ... Winamac
Francis Hodgson, traveling salesman, ... Chicago, Ill.
Perry Crockett, ... Waveland, Ind.
Katherine Crawford Owens, ... Star City, Ind.
Hattie Kriss Lowe, ... Eureka Springs, Ark.
Emma Wharton, teacher, ... Winamac
Cora Hornbeck Galbreath, ... South Bend, Ind.
Howard Baughman, ... Montana

1903

John Campbell, ... Plymouth, Ind.
Harry Wirick, ... Chicago, Ill.
Maude Nye, deputy auditor, ... Winamac
Joseph B. Agnew, ... Chicago, Ill.
Charles Hansel, deceased
Maude Compton Wirick, ... Star City, Ind.
Bessie Wheldon Baird, ... Benton Harbor, Mich.
Minnie Hodgson Noel, ... Chicago, Ill.

1904

Ruth Nye Wirick, ... Chicago, Ill.
Maud Kauffman Buck, ... Star City, Ind.
Lenore Comer Barnett, ... Winamac
Elgie Little, telegrapher, ... North Judson, Ind.
Mamie Crockett, ... Chicago, Ill.
Walter Mott, dentist, ... Van Buren, Ind.
Lottie Lowe Kittleman, ... Berwyn, Ill.
Olive Baughman Beiderman, ... Montana
Morris Meyers, ... Chicago, Ill.
Mabel Holmes Kestle, ... Monticello, Ind.
Dessie Davis (married), ... North Dakota
Ossie Clark Green, ... Indianapolis, Ind.

1905

Ross Netherton, lawyer, ... Chicago, Ill
Charles Thrailkill, ... Hammond, Ind.
Grace Thompson, with telephone Co., ... Winamac
George Mitchell, telegrapher, ... Logansport, Ind.
Walter Watts, manufacturer, ... Logansport, Ind.
Paul Engle, ... Weyburn, Canada
Gertrude Hoffman Bader, ... Plymouth, Ind.
Chauncey Bader, ... Plymouth, Ind.
Helen Manders Philipson, ... Lawton, Ind.
Joseph Belcher, minister, ... Windfall, Ind.
Gertrude Moore Bennan, ... Philadelphia, Pa.

1906

Raymond Riffle, doctor, ... Indianapolis, Ind.
Otta Blinn Jenkins, ... Walnut Ridge, Ark.
James Jenkins, ... Walnut Ridge, Ark.
George Reddick, doctor, ... Decatur, Ill.
Arlu Rearick Harker, ... Frankfort, Ind.
Grace Agnew Hopper, ... New Matamoras, Ohio.
Nellie Metz DeTurk, ... State College, Pa.
Vera Yarnell, ... Winamac
Foster Riddick, editor, ... Winamac
Paul Riddick, ... Kendall, Mont.
James A. Dilts, prosecuting attorney, ... Winamac
Clyde Netherton, doctor, ... Clark's Hill, Ind.
Marion Hedges, teacher, ... Beloit, Wis.
Alma Bader Collins, ... Winamac
Clara Kriss, ... Winamac

1907

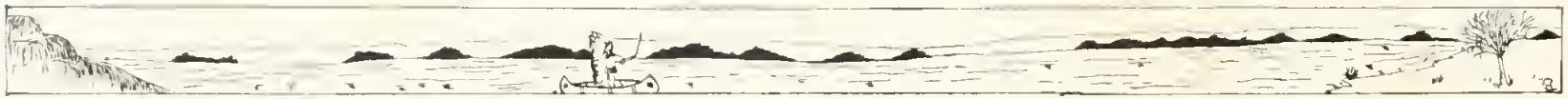
Mary Falvey, teacher, ... Gary, Ind.
Dan Kelly, ... Winamac
Georgia Conner, ... Battlecreek, Mich.
Jay M. Falvey, ... Gary, Ind.
Charles Reinhart, ... Chicago, Ill.
May Falvey, ... San Pierre, Ind.
Margaret Deegan, ... Logansport, Ind.
Alma Barnett Rafferty, ... Plymouth, Ind.

1908

Cecil Netherton, ... Winamac
Amy Cox, ... Bremen, Ind.
Pha Kistler, ... Winamac
Fay Agnew Smith, ... Chicago, Ill.
Ida Stout, stenographer, ... Washington, D. C.
Nell Williams Davis, ... Winamac
Elsie Conn Zellers, ... Winamac
Maru Light Miller, ... Shawnee, Okla.
Will Hoffman, traveling salesman, ... Mansfield, Ohio
May Fleming, ... Lacrosse, Ind.
Charles March, ... Lucerne, Wyo.
Mark Falvey, ... Chicago, Ill.
Floyd Barker, ... Gary, Ind.
Russell Dilts, merchant, ... Winamac
Henry Wiesjahn, ... Winamac

1909

Rowe Degner, ... Winamac
Alvin Smith, teacher, ... Cedar Lake, Ind.



Clancy Murphy, ... Winamac
Bertha King, teacher, ... Star City, Ind.
Oscar Cloud, ... Winamac
Earl Foreman, ... Valparaiso, Ind.
Orville Pattison, ... Oklahoma
Talbert Long, ... Lake Cicott, Ind.
Bertram Riffle, dentist, ... Indianapolis, Ind.
Harry Ginther, dentist, ... Winamac
Allen Williams, ... Lafayette, Ind.
Ed Williams, ... Lafayette, Ind.
Floe Metz, nurse, ... Chicago, Ill.
Orven Johnson, ... Chicago, Ill.
Elnora Paul Segard, ... Calcutta, India
Clara Beckman, ... Winamac
May Hoffman, ... Winamac
George March, ... Winamac
Omer Bader, ... Winamac
Harvey Zellers, ... Winamac
Ara Graves Burrows, ... Winamac
Vernal Diggs, electrical engineer, ... Hutchinson, Kas.
James Purdy, ... Hillsboro, Ill.
Hobart Yarnell, ... Orange, N. J.
Atlee Fites, ... Hayfield, Iowa
Tom Falvey, ... Gary, Ind.
Ira Barker, ... Lebanon, Ind.

1910

Lelah Werner Nichols, ... Marion, Ind.
Mabel Hare, ... Winamac
Nellie Olds Johnson, ... Indianapolis, Ind.
Mabel Werner Moose, ... Winamac
Nina Henry Capouch, ... Winamac
Mary Blew, ... Plymouth, Ind.
Anna Cox, ... Winamac
Rhena Aery, teacher, ... Winamac
Ethel Smith, ... Winamac
Homer Morrison, teacher, ... Philippine Islands
Frances Kelly, student at Depauw University
Amy Noe Brooker, ... Flemington, Mo.
Jesse Heise Pattison, ... Winamac
Willard Flauding, deceased

1911

Opal Taylor, teacher, ... Monterey, Ind.
Hazel Murphy Wiesjahn, ... Winamac
Beatrice Morrison, ... Winamac
Alma Conn Murphy, ... Winamac
Anna Rohloff, teacher, ... Pulaski, Ind.
Mary Werner Shaw, ... Winamac
Carrie Campbell Basey, ... Winamac
Gertrude Gilsinger Falvey, ... Buffalo, Ind.
Ruth Reams, teacher, ... Medaryville, Ind.
Phalla Riggs, teacher, ... Francesville, Ind.
Zola Riggs, deceased
James Falvey, merchant ..... Buffalo, Ind.
Sylvia Lowry, ... Winamac
Ralph Ewing, ... Monticello, Ind.
Josie Mulvaney, ... Winamac
Ruth Stipp, ... Winamac
Hazel Netherton, student at Northwestern University

Myrtle Mitchell, ... Winamac
Waldemar Huddleston, ... Winamac
Eula Ross Warner, ... Star City, Ind.

1912

John Wendt, student at Purdue University.
Clara Dilts, student at Depauw University
Agnes Hoffman Hathaway, ... Winamac
Fanette Miller, ... Logansport, Ind.
Dean Pattison, ... Oklahoma
Viola Degner Johnston, ... South Whitley, Ind.
Beatrice Miller, teacher, ... Winamac
Beatrice Hedges Bothast, ... Union City, Ind.
Paul Mitchell, student at Indiana University
Mildred Hathaway, ... Winamac
Cleo Long, teacher, ... Winamac
Ethel Smith, ... Winamac
Harry Parrott, ... Winamac
Ethel Linn, teacher, ... Winamac
Lenore Bringham, teacher, ... Ora, Ind.
Pearl Kistler, teacher, ... Winamac
William Jackson, stenographer, ... Washington, D. C.
Mabelle Miller Huddleston, ... Winamac
Hazel Johnson Spurgeon, ... Winamac
Kathryn Hoch Conn, ... Winamac

1913

Ruth Agnew, ... Winamac
Laura Brinker, teacher, ... Winamac
Charles Brown, student at Purdue University
Janetta Brown Arnold, ... Chicago, Ill.
Edna Conn, teacher, ... Winamac
Gladys Corbett, teacher, ... Winamac
Iva Deck, teacher, ... Winamac
Fannie Deckman, teacher, ... Winamac
Dorrit Degner, student at Indiana University
Iva Galbreath Hutto, ... Detroit, Mich.
Cecil Gilger, teacher, ... Winamac
Irma Haas, student at Teachers' Training College, In'plis
Ray Harpster, ... Pulaski, Ind.
Marjorie Hathaway, ... Winamac
Herschel Henry, teacher, ... Winamac
Flossie Hoch, teacher, ... Winamac
Curlie Hoffman, teacher, ... Winamac
Earl Keplar, teacher, ... Winamac
Fay Hoesel Underwood, ... Winamac
Rosa March Martin, ... Milford, Ind.
Walter Mohr, teacher, ... Winamac
Claude Olson, ... Akron, Ind.
Ferne Parrott, student at Jacksonville, Ill.
Alverda Reinhart, ... Chicago, Ill.
Lewis Rosenbaum, traveling salesman, Chicago, Ill.
Gladys Stanfield, teacher, ... Winamac
Earl Skinner, ... Winamac
Glenwood Tuttle, ... Fitchburg, Mass.
Lloyd Young, student at Purdue University.

"Speaking of nice boys, Bennie, he's a Bear" Rachel M

1914

Gertrude Alberding, teacher, ... Winamac
Edith Bader, ... Winamac
Homer Barker, teacher, ... Medaryville, Ind.
Joseph Boyle, linotype operator, ... Winamac
Katie Brown, teacher, ... Star City, Ind.
Agnes Chapman Featherston, ... Anderson, Ind.
Fanny Conn, teacher, ... Winamac
Lorena Degner, student at Indiana University
Dudley Diggs, student at Purdue University
Mary Dukes, student at Northwestern University
Alta Fisher, ... Medaryville, Ind.
Nellie Galbreath, teacher, ... Winamac
Pearl Goodpaster, teacher, ... Winamac
Agnes Grabner, ... Winamac
Alma Hahn, teacher, ... Pulaski, Ind.
Julius Henry, student at Purdue University
Mary Jackson, ... Winamac
Janet Keller, student at Western College
George Key, ... Idaville, Ind.
Erma Kistler, ... Winamac
Arthur Kroft, student at Purdue University
Dorothea Manders, ... Jersey City, N. J.
Ruth March, ... Winamac
Hazel Merriman, teacher, ... Pulaski, Ind.
Alice Bowman Blue, ... Star City, Ind.
William Mohr, ... Winamac
Mabel Morrison, teacher, ... Denham, Ind.
Leroy Retherford, ... Winamac
Maude Shank, teacher, ... Pulaski, Ind.
Harry Smith, ... Winamac
Mabel Smith, ... Winamac
Thomas Smith, ... Winamac
Violet Stout, teacher, ... Medaryville, Ind.
Stella Tyl, ... Chicago, Ill.
Jennings Vurpillat, student at Notre Dame
Walter Wendt, student at Purdue University

1915

Earl Lavengood, ... Michigan
Otho Riffle, ... Indianapolis, Ind.
Helen Parrott, ... Winamac
James Keplar, ... Winamac
Lawrence Riemenschneider, ... Winamac
Agnes Miller, ... Winamac
Cora Hartwick, teacher, ... Winamac
Mae Stark, ... Winamac
Lucy Zellers, ... Winamac
Ina Nitzschke, ... Winamac
Emma Ross, ... Winamac
Lorah Stanfield, teacher, ... Winamac
Helen Hagenbush, ... Winamac
Harold Dennis, ... Chicago, Ill.
James Hoover, student at Purdue University
Nellie Boyle, student at Indiana University
Cletus Reidelbach, teacher, ... Winamac
John Seidel, ... Winamac

Puzzle—what makes Dick get red in the face?

BRUCKER'S STORE

Come in and see our big line of

Ladies' Pumps and Oxfords

Do not buy until you have paid us a visit. We have the right prices.

Big new line of

Summer Dress Goods
House Dresses and Aprons

For Ladies and Children.

Lots of good things to eat in our busy

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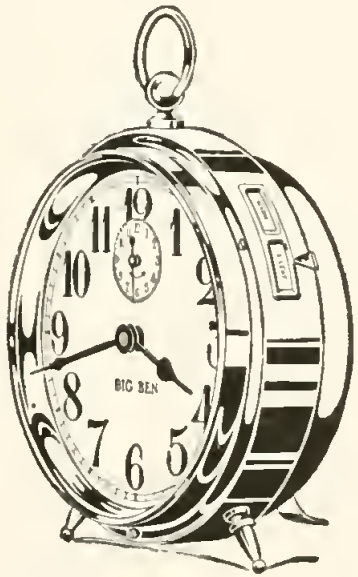

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WE HAVE IT FIRST

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Go to him for
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Money refunded if not satisfactory

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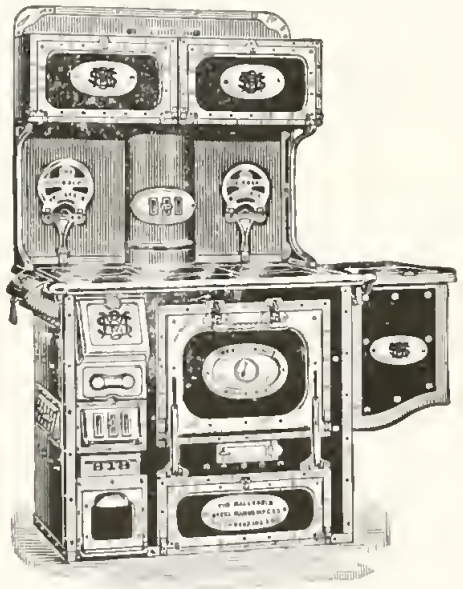

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Fresh Bread every Morning

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Give us a trial

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Fresh every day

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Also Cement and all kinds of
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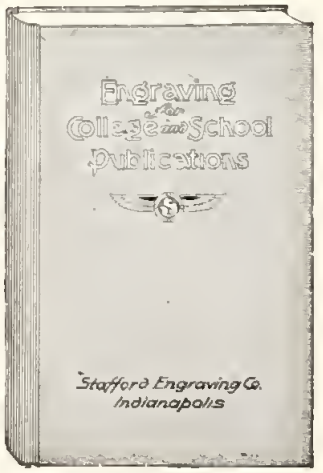

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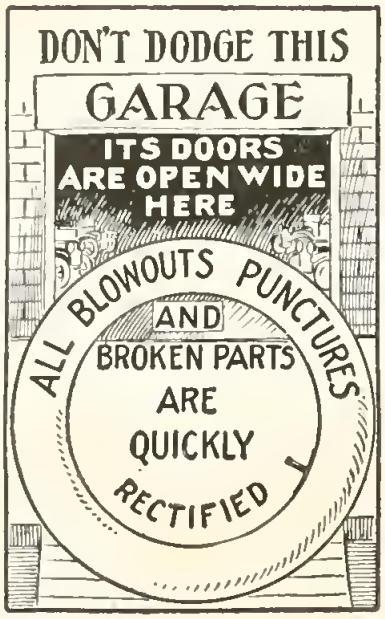

This Is Our Motto:

Be quick to kick
If things seem wrong
But kick to us
And make it strong.
To make things right
Is our delight,
If we are wrong
And you are right.

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Agents for Dort and Lexington Cars.

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We constantly introduce the latest in

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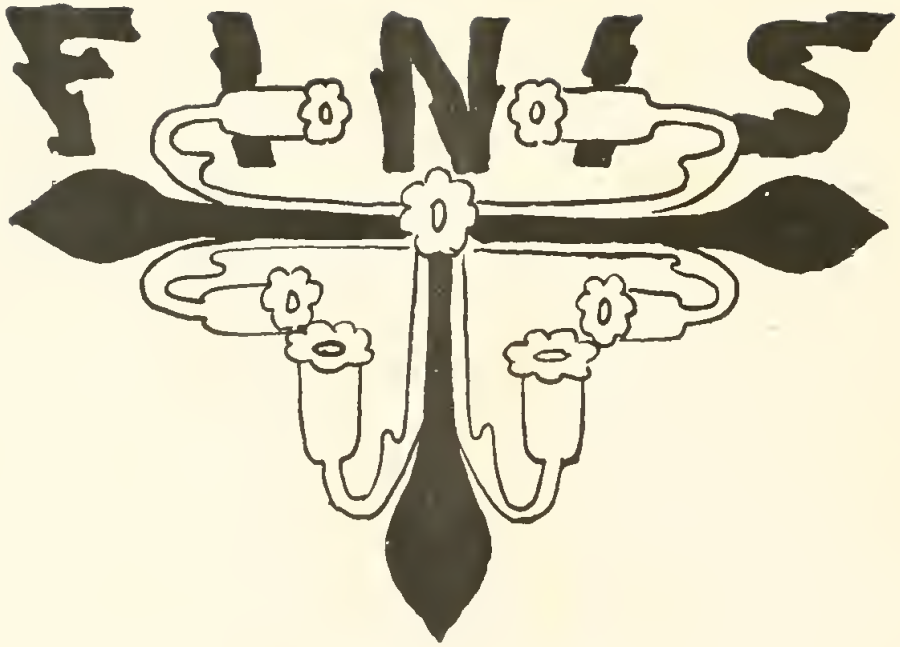

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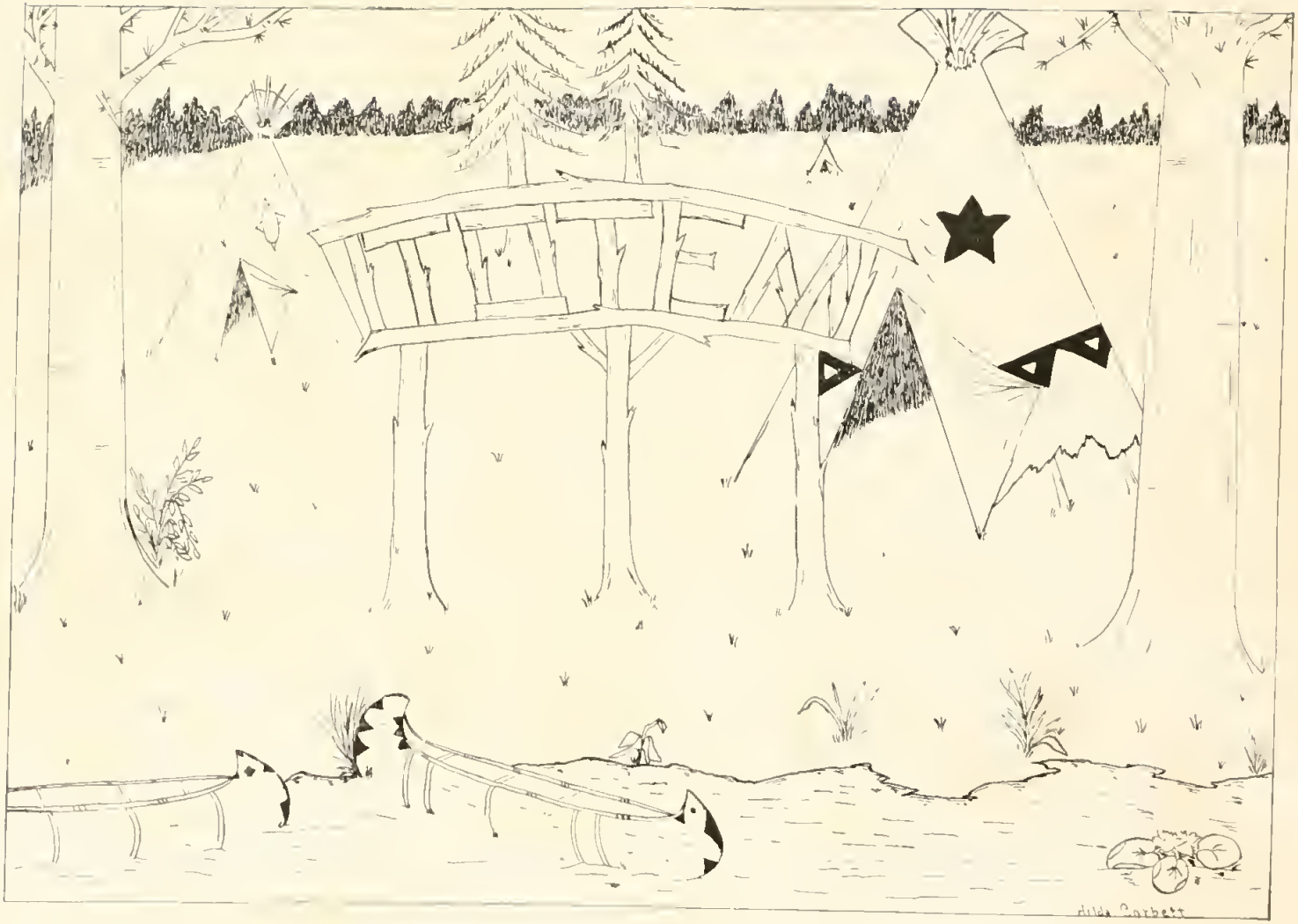
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